A COLLECTION OF WORK BY SOME YOUNG AMERICANS—IN CONTRAST WITH THE WORK OF SOME YOUNG EUROPEANS: MOSTLY FRENCH—SURREALISTE

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
EDWARD NAGLE
MATTHEW JOSEPHSON
MALCOLM COWLEY
JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT
GORHAM B. MUNSON
SLATER BROWN
CHARLES L. DURBORAW
HART CRANE
JOHN RIORDAN
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
GEORGES LIMBOUR

IN THIS NUMBER

EMILE MALESPINE
MICHEL LEIRIS
MARCEL ARLAND
ANDRÉ HARLAIRE
ANDRÉ DESSON
MARX LOEBE
JOSEPH DELTEIL
JACQUES VIOT
HANS ARP
RENÉ CREVEL
JACQUES BARON
TRISTAN TZARA
G. RIBEMONT DESSAIGNES

REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS—CONSTRUCTIONS—PHOTOGRAPHY.

the little REVIEW

SPRING–1926–SUMMER

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

The Surrealistes: In America there is a prejudice, a disdain even, for groups, cliques, revolutions, movements, in fact for all of the tricks that the young Europeans make use of to ward off blight and boredom.

The LITTLE REVIEW always welcomes these signs of life and without fear of contagion and not heavily we have published the work of the entire first line of the foremost artists in Europe. In fact we have unostentatiously presented all of the new systems of art to America . . . about twenty Isms, in the last few years.

Matthew Josephson and Ribémont-Dessaignes have taken up the case of the Surrealistes in this number of the LITTLE REVIEW. I shall leave the subject in their hands. I shall merely indicate later which of the contributors in this number are rightly Surrealiste and which belong to some other way of art . . . which of the Americans in this number belong very loosely to a group, and which do not.

We are all too serious about art in America . . . so serious that we treat it as we treat the dead . . . with respect and no attempt at communication. That man who produces works of art is either treated as a god or as a rather ridiculous and useless member of society. As long as this attitude obtains there is little hope for art in America. If groups, cliques, revolutions, movements, tricks will change this we are for groups, cliques, etc.

Georges Limbour, Michel Leiris, Marcel Arland, André Desson, Joseph Delteil, André Harlaire, René Crevel, Jacques Baron, André Masson, Joan Mirò, Louis Marcoussis, Pierre Roy . . . all belong to the Surrealiste group. Other members of the group not in this issue but also contributors to the LITTLE REVIEW are Louis Aragon, Philippe Soupault and Paul Eluard.

Tristan Tzara, one of the finest poets in Europe, is world known as the founder of Dada.

Hans Arp and Hannah Höch are Dadaists. Arp lives in Zürich, Hannah Höch in Berlin. Work can be seen in Little Review Gallery.

(*Continued on page* 2)

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Reproductions of the work of: Joan Mirò, Pierre Roy, Louis Marcoussis, Georges Papazoff, Hannah Höch, Serge Charchoune, Myron Lechay, Terechovitz, André Masson, L. Tihanyi. Photographs Moholy-Nagy, Cæsar Zwaska.

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Moholy-Nagy is an Hungarian. He is now one of the group at the Bauhaus, Dessau, Germany.

Matthew Josephson, Malcolm Cowley, Slater Brown, John Brooks Wheelwright, Gorham Munson have all been more or less identified with Broom and Secession. Some of them have appeared in the LITTLE REVIEW and are known to our readers.

Edward Nagle has contributed drawings to the Dial, first appearance in the LITTLE REVIEW. John Riordan is a newcomer.

Ernest Hemingway: The indications are that Hemingway is elected to be the big man in American letters.

Hart Crane is well known to the readers of the LITTLE REVIEW . . . one of our very finest poets.

William Carlos Williams has an International reputation as a poet. He has the picasso quality of experiment and development.

Myron Lechay is a young American painter now working in New Orleans . . . has exhibited at the Independents and in various other general shows.

DONALD [redacted]

ROBERTSON [redacted]

ACTOR

A CHAPTER

FROM A BOOK "MY BODY AND ME"

THEY EAT early and fast in the little mountain inns.

I was alone at the table.

Here I am alone in my room?

Alone.

I craved this adventure so long and so much that I often doubted it could ever be. So to-night, my wish at last fulfilled, I am alone with myself. No bridge is linking me to others. I have, as the only memories from the best and most beloved, a flower a picture.

The flower—a rose fast fading in the toothbrush glass.

Yesterday at the same hour, it was flourishing on my coat. The button-hole was high enough for the rose to caress my face if I stooped in the least. But each time I was surprised at the flowery softness. My skin by late afternoon was reminiscent of carnations. A whole winter, a whole spring had I not persisted in confusing—happiness with ragged-edge petals, on the nocturnal wisdom of a silk congealed into revers?

A whole winter, a whole spring. Yesterday.

In a railroad station, with closed eyes, the flower in a button-hole condemns one still to believe in rugs, in bare shoulders, in pearls.

Then I dare not hope that solitude is possible.

Though solitude was all I desired in that theatre where for months, the red of the velvet on the seats, had become to me the very colour of boredom. Then I went again, in search of it, through the streets, at the end of day when the houses were illuminating, for new temptations, their shirts of stone, a garment as complicated as the unreal.

I entered places where they dance, drink—I entered, saturated with alcohol, with jazz, with all that drugs one, and drugged myself indifferently with what I heard, danced, drank, but happy to hear, dance and drink, so I could forget that which had limited but not helped me.

Yes, I remember. Two o'clock in the morning. The bar is a tiny one. It is quite hot. The door opens. Long live the cool. Someone says "Hello" to me. A hand pats my shoulder. I am happy. Not for the voice, not for the hand, but the air that has

just entered by surprise, is so cool. I say hello to the coolness, without in the least needing those words which human creatures use for their greetings. Alas! the coolness is not the only thing that took advantage of the door. I had forgotten that which, in my past, I had learned to call my self. A human creature is trying its best to remind me. It insists. It kisses me. It is proper to return politeness for politeness, and so the pretenses begin again. "Hello spirit clothed in a body." I like these words, I repeat them. Spirit is right, I would love to create for myself the purity of a chess-player, not to renounce with joy, but to play, to act, to revel in thoughts. No human contact ever prevented my being lonely, then what is the good of soiling oneself. Through, with the pleasures (?) of the flesh.

For the third time I repeat: Hello spirit clothed in a body. And thus I give the measure of a new confidence, to him who enters.

Alas, misfortune had designed me merely to be present in a body that believes itself clothed in spirit. A laugh, I get angry and mark the contrast that exists between that other one and me. My spirit is clothed in a body, as to thee thy body is clothed with spirit. I forsee the blow, parry it, receive it anyway. Then I am not alone any more. It is final. Good day, good night. I will go and see how the sun gets up in the Bois de Boulogne. I walked. Chilly shreds of dawn were clinging to the trees. A little boat, abandoned by man, was fast rusting. Happy in its solitude. "Alone like me. Alone. Illusion again. It seems that the other one had followed me: I hear its voice: "It is the yacht of that actress who was drowned in the Rhine. The yacht of that actress who was drowned in the Rhine." Yes, I remember. Remember. Again forever. He was apparently right, that teacher of Philosophy of mine, who claimed that the present did not exist. But this is beside the question. A yacht is abandoned on the Seine. Who would dare live in it since an actress plunged off it, to drown herself in the Rhine, in a night orgy, in the summer of 1911.

1911. The year of my first communion. A night of orgy, repeated the cook commenting upon the suicide which easily might be a murder. In my dreams orgy rhymed with host.

Why was I offered so early these sinful or wretched creatures, to love? I wished the rivers cursed, the canals, through which had been towed, to the bridge of Suresness, this péniche the last worldly home of a woman who, in my innocence having faith in programs and magazines, I believed to be happy. "She is a queen in our Paris" so liked to say a friend of my mother, who was fond of splendors.

Then, did she also feel herself miserably free in her solitude

amongst others, since caring nothing about the guests, a night of intoxication, that is to say of courage, she hurled herself into the water of the Rhine.

Sprite whose side-saddle plumes ruled the age of slit skirts, I deny the presence of this other one to dedicate my solitude to you, on this bridge edging the Bois de Boulogne, at dawn of a June day.

I loved you so, you and the lady with the bare neck.

I love you still, but I must admit that I loved the lady with the bare neck better.

During my childhood, women displayed their breast only when going to a ball. In the first half of the year 1914, a lady citizen of Geneva prophesied that the cataclysms, that were to deafen my adolescence, would come because of the opening of the blouses on the Cote d'Azur. As she always wore a tight chemisette of black silk, her country stayed in margin of all disaster.

As to the lady with the bare neck, she had anticipated by several years the fashionable ones of 1914. She too had a bad reputation. She was the most famous woman in the world, she was accused of having murdered her husband and her mother. We secretly bought the newspapers on her account.

To tell the truth, in the eyes of my comrades, the most fascinating thing in this affair was the name of the valet, an astounding name sounding like an obscene word said in public. But no, I cared little about the valet. I liked the lady with the bare neck and I liked her because she was the lady with the bare neck. I was fully content with this passion. I deemed it absolute and justified by the one reason which I gave to myself, ignorant as I was of the law of relativity: this glory of science, joy of social meetings, torment of hearts.

The lady with the bare neck is the lady with the bare neck on the wall-paper in the room of my childhood. I would write this sentence with letters legible only to me. Thus I did away with ennui.

I was eight and was the only one to take her defense without exhibitionism, without the hope of a little reward when the prison gates should open. I was seeing her still as the magazines revealed her:

She was on the bench of the accused a very fragile little thing in a bundle of crepe. They pictured her full-face, or her head turned left or right, pale, her veil stronger than the muscles of her neck. At other times the grief on her forehead, would carry to her hands the symbols of her double mourning.

But whatever her movements were, their whole mystery had only one pivot.

Facing my mirror I would imitate the shivers that ended at the steady base of her clavicles. The judges could not condemn a woman who had such beautiful twitches between her chin and shoulders.

After her acquittal, the lady with the bare neck published her memoirs. Out of respect I refrained from reading them.

She married a foreigner of high descent. I wanted to write to the husband: "Kiss slowly her whole neck, her beautiful neck."

I—became a man.

And now it's early dawn in the Bois de Boulogne.

That other one thinks that the contemplation has lasted long enough.

I hear. We must return.

It is true, dawn inspires love.

Advance!

At home, I touch this body as I already have had the honor of touching others, with the sole obsession of getting rid of the most precise of my desires with no hope of satisfying any of them or lingering with them, for although I had for a long time believed myself forced to do this, I have always been ashamed of these detours which leave man not in an elevating solitude, but in the deep fog with other men.

So the cry which, by chance escaped from the mouth that wandered all over my nude body, the cry "kill me" as it responded to my prayer, that shame alone kept unspoken, was for my sad secret, both a comfort and an exaltation. For the will to act whether exerted against a mere sex, the "heads or tails" of an individual, dressed or undressed, visible or imaginary, a mass, or a mob, has always seemed to be caused by the sole need to evade. And certainly if science offered a way to kill oneself if not entirely pleasant but at least decent and sure, I would have no more attempted love than those evasions, one of which has enabled me to know solitude at last, this evening on the mountain.

So to-day it is not any longer from myself, but from others that I pretend to escape. I had begun by wanting to get lost through these others, my friends, my foes.

Thus this first haunting vision: their eyes, my own fixed upon their liquids of different density, never being able to penetrate them, to mingle. I love their eyes, vain and candid, for I wanted to believe that through their transparence I could discover myself, and besides I had wanted them for so long, with the certitude that they would avenge me for the insufficient mystery of the mirrors of my childhood! The intention being to drown myself, Narcissus. Along walls a cold river had refused to take me. BAKERY, gilded letters proclaimed, and in the

mirror a bouquet was fading. The vertical river of the shops had carried away neither the bits of chaff nor the bits of dream.

So thereafter I decided to put my joy and my grief somewhere else rather than in myself, but such was my folly that on the sad road, from each creature I met, I asked not just amusement, nor some exaltation, which I might have touched, thanks to past loves, but—the absolute.

With difficulty could I find from time to time again, that little pack of bones, of revelling papillas, of confused ideas and of clear feelings, that bore my name.

What a fine mirror is a stranger's eyes!

Well, one day what I saw in transparence and in my eyes this time, was their eyes, the eyes of the others.

Then how could it be that I should not long for the minute when free from all thought, I could be rid of the very memory?

Thus, toiling by day and playing by night.

Alas! mosaic of pretense that could not hold, the acts of my daily life separated showing the original illness.

And there were painful surprises in this work and these fêtes.

A singer, when intricate drinks, a good victrola, and a few scattered desires, through two salons, began to put some magic into a most banal assembly, asking me what I think of her repertoire and I myself excited by a cocktail and two eyes beautiful enough for me to want to seduce the body to which they belong, I answering her that she is worth more than her art, anxious to justify herself in an explanation of her career, and for that searching out reasons but without succeeding in redeeming her songs at the end of her wits declares: Yes, I know the little value of my songs, the little value of all that are here, all those we must see, but . . . She did not finish. She has just experienced, made me experience that activity which does not endow man with a lasting oblivion, does not console him as much as some commanding and sufficient sensation as, for example, the sensation of grandeur or truth.

This singer and I—very wise, refuse to underestimate ourselves, above all when we confess.

So she, in spite of the will of the eyes, in spite of the wrinkles of fear all over her face, where the failure of the make-up exposes the most secret decompositions, her hands like sick flowers on her chest of velvet already undermined by lassitude, her body rebelling against the shock that the spirit commands, very slowly, with the gravity of one who offers to the court his last plea, asserts: *I go to everything by modest roads.*

And I, touched by these mere words, I would like to kneel, to kiss her footsteps.

I repeat: *To everything by modest roads.* I shall need that gray light of the mornings, that light which accuses the misery of the complexions, and that of the thoughts, to ask myself,—but does she not mistake round-about ways for modest roads? A singer's life, is that a modest life for a woman, that everything attracts? If she learns to despise others she does not get to love herself a little more or less. She always accepts the false value of words. And how would she organize herself, without finding the boundaries of her disease.

She lives with others, goes to others, to all others, to all. And going to all is not going to everything but on the contrary it is going to nothing.

RENÉ CREVEL

From a book "My Body and Me" published by Simon Kra, Editions du Sagittaire.

JOAN MIRÒ

A FINGER, AN eyelash, a sexual organ shaped like a spider, a sinuous line or the echo of a glance, the flax of thought, the warm savannas of a damp-contoured mouth, animals or vegetables at nurse, composite monsters with newspapers for limbs, trees which bear eyes, crevices in the stone where insects swarm, bark eaten with mildew in an infinite variety of patterns and colors, numbers and letters from a copybook, persons reduced to a moustache, the sharp point of a breast, a pipe's glow or perhaps the ashes of a cigar:—in this country of surprising candor the horns of the moon are a snail's horns and extravagant tubercles sprout in the meteoric sky.

The creator of this country has gathered, in the obscure byways of Reality, the few particles toward which his instincts drive him as if to the feet of idols. Often a straight line represents a human being, for in this being he loved only the straight line; in the same way the bird is represented by a feather, the swift arrow of his flight or the mark of his talons. Sometimes of mankind there remains only the mark of a foot on the wet sand; the sea mingles its waves with the undulations of a bathing girl; and the spermatic fusion of the sexes is translated only by a thread.

TERRE LA SOURÉE BY JOAN MIRÒ

LE CHASSEUR BY JOAN MIRÒ

SPACE CONSTRUCTION BY L. TIHANYI

BY MYRON LECHAY

Formerly, the anxious tribes of men would bury their nail-peelings and their fallen hairs in fear of sorcery; for they believed that these particles of themselves contained their whole vital spirit. Later, geologists succeeded in reconstructing the enormous skeletons of extinct animals from a piece of bone, buried perhaps for several milennia. Today, there is a new race of men who, from the double world of flesh and spirit, retain only the traces, vestiges of structures which a valueless intelligence can never render firm. The slightest notations which they make are a sufficient witness to their love. Their brains may be exactly compared to those pictures which the poor adore, pictures made with locks of hair snipped from a whole family of brides, or fragments of the martyred bones of saints, buried under ruined cloisters. There is no question of proving, constructing. The state of mind is a new fetichism, which demands nothing but the perfect adhesion of the heart to any sort of object, free of symbol, but reflecting like the tiniest cell the infinite harmony of all the universe.

A man like Mirò belongs to that sorcerer race whose feats seem often ridiculous because of their bizarre tone and their air of coming from somewhere else. A cauliflower or perhaps the rising sun. His lines are only indications, not a diagram, but rather the marks by which phenomena can be recognized. In his canvases, built like the delicate and lacy architecture of certain insects, Nellie was a lady, will-o'-the-wisp, a woman's hair, the windows open on a night peopled with miracles, while reason is still untangling its threads, in spirals more tenuous than the smoke of a devotional candle, burned and snuffed out before a pyramid.

(*Translated by Malcolm Cowley*)

MICHEL LEIRIS

INTERESTS OF 1926

INSANITY OR GENIUS

1

it is spring
and we walk up the filthysweet
worn wooden stairs
to it close by the miniature
bright poplar leaves
at a grimy window
wading—on the boards
of the second floor—
in the clear reflecting smile
of the boyish husband
all sweet compassion for
her injury—and
such is the
celebrated May

2

POEM

Daniel Boone, the father of Kentucky. Col. W. Crawford, the martyr to Indian revenge. Simon Gerty, the White Savage. Molly Finney, the beautiful Canadian Captive. Majors Samuel and John McCullough, patriots and frontiersmen. Lewis Wetzel, the Indian killer. Simon Kenton, the intrepid pioneer. Gen. George R. Clark, that heroic conqueror. Capt. Brady, the great Indian fighter. Davy Crockett, the hero of the Alamo. Gen. Sam Houston, the liberator of the Lone Star State. Kit Carson, the celebrated plainsman and explorer. Gen. Custer, the hero of Little Big Horn. Buffalo Bill, the tireless rider, hunter and scout. Wild Bill, the lightning marksman. California Joe, the scout. Texas Jack, the government scout and hunter. Captain Jack, the poet scout. Gen. Crook, the conqueror of the Apaches.

3

STOLEN LETTER

Dear Aunt N.:—

Wow! "a good for nothing—drink and bad women—no honor—go west" Some charges, must say something, West Carruth sinking, I stay below as engineer, the others lacking

courage. West Nohno 4 long trips to West Africa with a sick and physically dead chief engineer. I break my leg—he dies—all hands drunk and criminally neglectful—I take charge with a useless leg and body filled with fever and bring her home with credit. Now holding ship for me, also offered post engineer and dock master's job at Nigeria—unable however to take either account this broken leg.

Drink is something that does not bother me—a drink or two and finish—that is my absolute rule—there have only been some three times during my life time when I have gone under. Once at Doc. B's after coming back from a big party and celebration in Newark, poison home made stuff and then at B's a glass of absinth on top. I've felt more sorry than I can say for that. Once in France when because I would never carouse with the gang they doped a bacardi on me, then left me to stagger on by myself. But though it took near all night I got safely back to my ship alone. The other time I can't remember except in a foggy uncertain way, I'm certain however that there was another. That is the extent of drink. I've got a bottle of Johnny Walker, black label, right here in my room—for me it will last six months or a year. I like however to bring it back to my friends—think perhaps they might appreciate it.

Now for women—yes—I don't hate them too much—but not just any woman and never a bad one. Comparing myself with a lot of men I know I would certainly draw down the grand halo for purity etc. etc. etc. No joke.

Now what's next? Go west. Well we'll see. I had hopes of taking a run out there this time being as I simply can't do any work anyhow. As to staying out there—I can't see it—that is to staying in Chicago. As to running vessels on the Mississippi —well—

Now please write some more and let's get at the base trouble of your wonderful attitude. One thing is sure, I never loaf—with health and able body I couldn't—not only on my own part —but the shipping men who know me wouldn't let me alone. I'm wanted. How now for your good for nothing—drunkard —women master and man of no honor. Pray that I may get a good leg that I may go some more.

Love and kindest wishes B.O.S.

4

TWO FUGITIVE POEMS (1910)

MARTIN AND KATHERINE

Alone today I mounted that steep hill
On which the Wartburg stands. Here Luther dwelt

In a small room one year through, here he spelt
The German Bible out by God's good will.

The birds piped ti-ti-tu, and as I went
I thought how Katherine von Bora knelt
At Grimma, idle she, waiting to melt
Her surpliced heart in folds less straitly meant.

As now, it was March then: Lo, he'll fulfill
Today his weighty task! Sing for content
Ye birds! Pipe now! for now 'tis Love's wing's bent.
Work sleeps; love wakes; sing and the glad air thrill!

MISERICORDIA

I am frightened Master, quivering with fear
Half nude before the gloom bed, for one
Persephone the moon wrested and won
Against the black leaves and lo, she was here!

And she looked weary and foredone
With heaviness as seeming to have tried
Many welcomes who once more in her ride
Through the green host flees the pursuing sun.

But oh she was strange with me and not near,
Smooth browed as once, but glimpsed me up sliteyed
And vanished silent. There was bitter pride
Writ in her features! Come to me Master!
The gayest of bright flowers
(last year)
could not have foretold how she
the old potbellied woman
with hands on hips
would have this ravenhaired boy
digging furiously beside
the green willow, tossing
the yellow soil with his spade
hammering it cutting it down—

Not work, this but a private
assignation with Spring
the voluptuous conception of
a potful of tomatos

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

VOYAGES

I

—And yet this great wink of eternity,
Of rimless floods, unfettered leewardings,
Samite sheeted and processioned where
Her undinal vast belly moonward bends
Laughing the wrapt inflections of our love:

Take this Sea, whose diapasen knolls
On scrolls of silver snowy sentences,
The sceptred terror of whose sessions rends
(As her demeaners motion well or ill)
All but the pieties of lovers' hands.

And onward, as bells off San Salvador
Salute the crocus lustres of the stars,
In these poincetta meadows of her tides,—
Adagies of islands, O my Prodigal,
Complete the dark confessions her veins spell.

Mark how her turning shoulders wind the hours,
And hasten while her penniless rich palms
Pass superscription of bent foam and wave,—
Hasten, while they are true,—sleep, death, desire,
Close round one instant in one floating flower.

Bind us in time, O Seasons clear, and awe.
O minstrel galleons of Carib fire,
Bequeath us to no earthly shore until
Is answered in the vortex of our grave
The seal's wide spindrift gaze toward paradise.

II

Infinite consanguinity it bears—
This tendered theme of you that light
Retrieves from sea plains where the sky
Resigns a breast that every wave enthrones,
While ribboned water lanes I wind
Are laved and scattered with no stroke
Wide from your side, whereto this hour
The sea lifts, also, reliquary hands.

And so, admitted through black swollen gates
That must arrest all distance otherwise,—

Past whirling pillars and lithe pediments,
Light wrestling there incessantly with light,
Star kissing star through wave on wave unto
Your body rocking!

And where death, if shed,
Presumes no carnage, but this single change,—
Upon the steep floor flung from dawn to dawn
The silken, skilled transmemberment of song;

Permit me voyage, love, into your hands . . .

III

Meticulous, past midnight in clear rime,
Infrangible and lonely, smooth as though cast
Together in one merciless white blade—
The bay estuaries flock the hard sky limite.

—As if too brittle or too clear to touch!
The cables of our sleep, so swiftly filed,
Already hang, shred ends from remembered stars.
One frozen trackless smile: what words
Can strangle this deaf moonlight? For me

Are overtaken. Now no cry, no sword
Can fasten or deflect this tidal wedge,
Slow tyranny of moonlight, moonlight loved
And changed . . . "There's

Nothing like this in the world—," you say,
Knowing I cannot touch your hand and look
Too, into that cleft of godless sky
Where nothing turns but dead sands flashing.

"—And never to quite understand!" No,
In all the argosy of your bright hair I dreamed
Nothing so flagless as this piracy.

But now
Draw in your head, alone, and too tall here.
Your eyes already in the slant of drifting foam;
Your breath sealed by the ghosts I do not know:
Draw in your head and sleep the long way home.

IV

Where icy and bright dungeons lift
Of swimmers their lost morning eyes,
And ocean rivers, churning, shift
Green borders under stranger skies,

Constantly as a shell secretes
Its beating leagues of monotone,
Or as many waters trough the sun's
Red kelson past the capes' wet stone;

O rivers mingling toward the sky
And harbor of the phoenix' breast—
My eyes pressed black against the prow,
—Thy derelict and blinded guest

Waiting, afire, what name unspoke
I cannot claim: let thy waves rear
More savage than the death of kings,
Some splintered garland for the seer.

Beyond sirecces harvesting
The solstice thunders crept away,
Like a cliff swinging, or a sail
Flung into April's inmost day—

Creation's blithe and petalled word
To the lounged goddess when she rose
Conceding dialogue with eyes
That smile unsearchable repose—

Still fervid covenant, Belle Isle,
—Unfolded floating dais before
Which rainbows twine continual hair—
Belle Isle, white echo of the ear!

The imaged word, it is, that holds
Hushed willows anchored in its glow.
It is the unbetrayable reply
Whose accent no farewell can know.

. . . . .

ANDRÉ MASSON

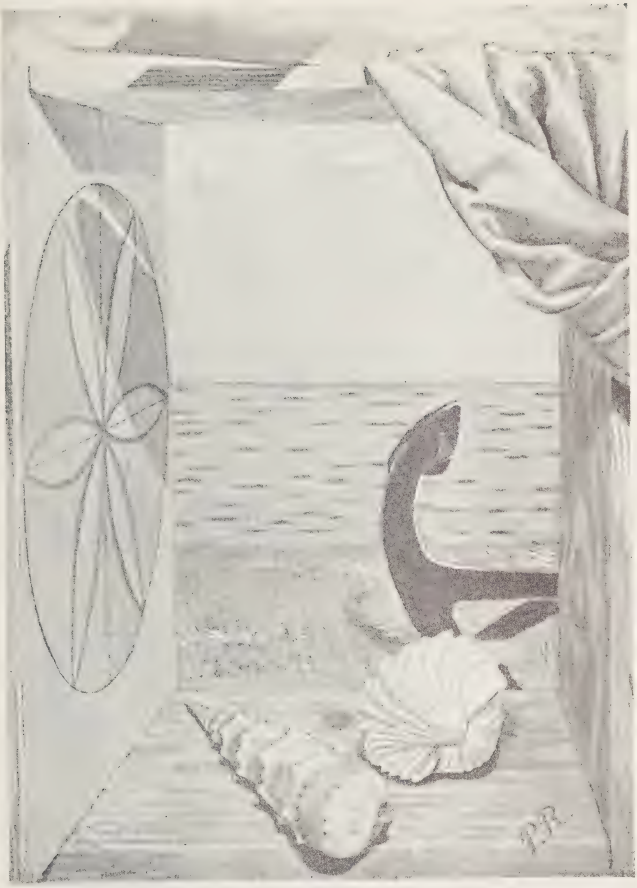
WHEN A new being, whether intelligent or not, appears between the crevices of the universe, the image of the law which rules his birth is present in his physical structure, a graphic prophet of his destiny; and as a phenomenon is scientifically represented by a curve brought back to the axes, the history of this being is represented by his internal structure and his visible form, in this material world whose axes of our senses determine the framework. If on the other hand, a hand sets down on a surface lines and curves directly coming from the depth of the being, these lines will be at first the abstract diagrams of the cerebral movements of their creator, but quickly they will take flesh, rendered concrete by the force of desire, which demands that they borrow an earthly appearance like that of an object known for a long time, to become thus doubly desirable in the tenderness of the flesh which is now their sign.

The reciprocity of the reactions is so perfect and the oneness of the man with the curve so complete that one does not know if this curve has engendered and predestined him or if he is the one who, on the contrary, in the distracted tension of his love, projects this shadow of himself purer than his solar shadow, and this solidity, complete equivalence of exchanges (is it the light itself which has constructed this edifice or the luminous reflections emanating from the walls which have converged and materialized into a single globe of fire?) equal density of elements all endowed with a sort of stony life, which must be the infinite existence of another world—these are the principle characteristics of the language of Andre Masson, world of lights and shadows where gravitates the eternal orb of a human being, brought back to the axis of the absolute.

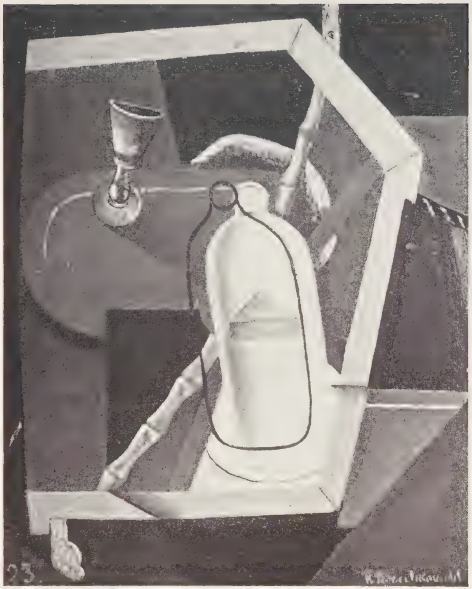
When fish move vertically among the cracks of the capitals of the columns and the winged imprints of birds, the hair, kept almost horizontal by the wind, becomes the curve showing, according to the strength of the desire, the variation of the dominion of man over water, earth, air and fire; along the filament spurting out from a bursting grenade can be read the story of genesis and if one follows the contour of a feminine hip, the story of sensuality. Then the profile of an adorable face traces the history of the lassitudes of the blood, near a spiral whose ascension recalls the perpetual screw, which has death for thread, intelligence for cylinder. But if the flight of birds is a bad sign, it is because the angle made by their direction and the eyes of the observer is measured by a malign number. But this

FIGURE BY ANDRÉ MASSON (*Property of Paul Eluard*)

BY PIERRE ROY



BY PIERRE ROY



BY TERECHOVITCZ

number, conjurer of wounds, crowds and cursed adventures, we find everywhere. We see it in filigree, in the hollow of a navel, in the interior of an empty fruit or on the round plateau of the scales which estimate the weights of light.

For our earthly spirit is lighted only by the lowest of windows too few to conjure the sorceries and we all rot in a cave like the drowned, pierced with a million pricks of the needle, little partial revelations, powerless to satisfy us and capable only of creating in us the immense desire to annihilate the world called "real" or to flee forever its lying stars cloistering us in a world of crystal, like that of Masson—crystal of tears or petrified charms, cut with sparkling facets, to blind the sky, with the splendor of transparent armour, which in this region where all is light, holds the place of haircloth upon our separate bodies whose looks will remain eternally parallel.

MICHEL LEIRIS

A LETTER TO MY FRIENDS

SUPER-REALISTS. Chameleons, rather! Even as one begins to scold you the colors change and a new "movement" is under way.

As we billet this new artistic organism in the Little Review (unalphabetized cyclopedia of the twentieth century) word comes that it is no longer among the living. I insist, however, upon a moment's time to record my protest against your somnambulistic literature.

It was with much sinking of the heart that I watched my friends. . . . After the exquisite uproar of Dada, which was incontestably a miraculous sideshow for the world, this Superrealism is the faint, ugly whine of a decrepit engine. In the winter of 1921-1922 when I met Aragon and Tzara and the others, I asked them anxiously how they had received Freud and Psychoanalysis. In their superior Parisian manner they replied that it was an old thing with them. And beside, the French had never been very repressed. But something told me that they had not really sweated and suffered through psychoanalysis —not as I who at the age of sixteen interpreted the dreams of my little girl friends and pleaded with them to cast off their inhibitions. And so a year later I heard of special pilgrimages to Vienna. When I returned to Paris I burst upon a whole mob in Paul Eluard's house engaged in grandiloquent revelations of their unconscious love or hatred for each other. Then Spiritism

and one silly game after another. A new style was invented: by drinking quantities of beer and writing as fast as you could in competition with others after three or four hours you were so dazed that your subconscious began working.

There is a specific issue, however, on which I, (*we,* if I may speak for a few others) part company with them. The French are by nature a race of *littérateurs,* artists. To write a poem is easier for instance, than not to write a poem. Therefore art is become a contemptible thing and the most snobbish and the most nobly logical way is to commit artistic suicide. If Aragon, who is a born writer and cannot help writing well, turns up with a poem every evening, Breton treats him with unstinted displeasure. "You must kill this instinct to write; it is trivial, despicable, facile." Then there is the growing belief that art is by no means the universal expression for man's exalted leisure moments. That in itself is a long story. But why in heaven's name should it concern us here? In America we live in storm cellars or country-retreats. It is bitter to survive; it is bitter to find ears. We are not naturally a race of writers and artists. It is still a thrilling struggle to be that here. Stealthily, to have done something well in the line of our own traditions remains a secret delight and a social crime. The bleakness of our situation here compared with the easy brilliance of my friends' in Paris (where Doucet the gownmaker collects mss. of Jacques Baron, aged 17) calls for a reserve of vitality and courage that is scarcely ever needed there. For this reason, one may be happy here, although the consuls in the skyscrapers still turn their thumbs down for us, and our position remains desperate and precarious enough.

Again the literary production of the super-realists is bastard. Of what value are these tedious and tepid dreams, these diffuse poems in prose, these wearisome manifestoes couched in an habitual imagery and an inverted syntax. They have begun with logic; let them cast off their literary robes; let them speak reasonably. Their field is the *quartier St. Denis,* in a barricade. Revolution, the race-track, the political arena, the stock market. Sell the French franc until the government falls again and again. Betray the country! Go over to the Riffs! (*) But no, they cannot quit being *littérateurs.* And I find their literature contemptible and woefully easy to account for. How pretentious and literary, after all, is this:

Pour peu que m'y sollicite la fièvre, je m'y trouverais plus dispos qu'en l'habituelle lucidité.

* In the several months which have intervened since first writing this protest events have conspired to give my words an air of prophecy: news has come recently that the Dadas, alias Surrealists, have shifted their objectives to political revolution, the majority turning Bolshevist and the others Fascist. Breton, Aragon and Soupault, who were the founders of *Littérature,* have now taken over *Clarté,* the radical weekly, and named it *La Guerre Civile!*

Mais non: et dans la fièvre seule m'intéresse ce que j'y perds et son évaluation.

No, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE LITERARY. LEAVE THAT TO US. We wish to write immortal prose and verse. Ultimately to be immortal and ponderable.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

DECAPAGE

TU T'ABRUTIS
Tu restes le stylo aux aguets
devant ta feuille de papier blanc
in-quarte raisin vergé bouffant
Tu es vide,
tu ne trouveras donc pas la forte métafore
qui fore en séton la boîte cranienne
Gratte ta chevelure comme une allumette dans la nuit.
Eblouis
A Quoi bon!
J'ai envie de partir à Honolulu
pour faire l'amour avec une hawaïenne myxoédémateuse.
Et pourtant!
Je suis las des fesses et de la littérature
Un rêve ne tient jamais dans le creux de la main
Plus de peinture, plus de députés,
Plus de pointure, plus de députés,
Plus d'armée, plus de frontières,
Surtout çà:
Les douaniers salissent mes chemises en cellular avec leurs doigts
ils font une croix sur ma valise et dans mon coeur
Le gendarme consulte les fiches antropométriques
et la conque de mon oreille
il fait le salut militaire au militaire qui m'exaspère
là devant
A 23 aujourd'hui, c'est bas
Il faut changer de monnaie et de langue
Désagréable. N'êtes vous pas de mon avis?
Il n'y a rien de plus dangereux qu'un militaire
et qu'un homme convaincu.
J'écrirai mon poème plus tard.
Je. Cà suffit la signature.

EMILE MALESPINE

BORD DE MER

LES CURSINS dorment barbe bleue
Danse danse le sable est rose
Les vagues d'huile ouvrent leurs yeux
le pêcheur reste en pénitence
ta main est douce comme une mousse
les crevetes sont dans les trous
les sourires sous ta voilette
les mauvaises langues partout
sur la plage sois sage et nage
vite boutonne ton corsage les pigeons sages
sont ceux qui restent à la maison
les belles dames sur la Croisette
filent filent un brin de navette
grosses lunettes mor aux rats
deux fois deux quatre et cetera
c'est cela promenade des anglais
et puis I kiss you s'il vous plait
bout du nez bout des doigts doigt de cour
l'amour se jou à pigeon vole
le bonheur à saute-mouton
et l'ennui au trente et quarante
je vous rend vos automobiles
mais rendez moi mes blancs moutons

EMILE MALESPINE

REALISM? VALUES? PORTRAITS?

GOING DOWN theatre aisles the time is ripe to close in from behind—slap! Each arrogance always so feminine that no matter how rough, one makes no impression without speaking their language. I refer to the girls. Because on coming into the Automat whom should I see but Alice bussing the dishes. This could be felt as distinctly a shock, de-grade, it being understood that, tho not of richest or oldest stock, position may be attained by neatness or cleanliness. De-watered the flower, now shewn to be eye-watering and a bad end was nigh. Could I pass by, together

with the ladies of the Metropolitan Opera House, who, gathering their cloaks about them very closely and with hauteur seek their conveyance with dignity and speed befitting position (distinguished). My heart directed, but oh my mind poor Alice was so inefficient a bus-girl. I quickly hastened to the ermine counter, asking for those articles a modern girl needs. (Of course this isn't true, I haven't any money.) Never the less Alice soon gathered her cloak very closely and with hauteur, hastening to a cab, unobserving, sister to scions of wealth in being incapable of manual or mental function.

I don't mean this as typical since totally unlike is that little girl, now sixteen, destined for stardom. Altho of a family no one of whom were theatrical, she was blessed by a mother of intelligence who provided for training vocal and dancing, thus shielding her from the real evils of the show business which result from lack of equipment rendering the girls susceptible to dangers and damages of managers and dancing instructors too obsexed to be human. Knowing one thousand routines—tap, toe, classical, acrobatic—quick, hastening, eager, her flying feet had Gracie Georgia skyward tilt on stardom while others wait below, unrecognized.

i.e. "Stevie", said Joseph Conrad shyly, "I like your General"; even tho that author had acquired at that date legends of notoriety and a glow of one destined, it can now appear, to die young, natheless his energy remains. Tho not by necessity history, his life in excellent hands assumes the value of a "novel" of exceptional entertainment value. Stephen indubitably a dynamo peculiarly stationed in a milieu of awkward, uncontinental, romantic character; anxiously he sought explosions, and without affectation did what he needed to do. However one can gratifyingly hope that in time advertising will require the services of our bright, efficient young men now engaged in social work for the continent here in the United States. There will be of course signed work for the best establishments, which can encourage a "style" employing a fine note of scorn which will recognize insufficiencies in a "culture" only appreciative, and prepare to exploit those constants of "energy expenditure" independent of stabilized cultural significance. Alternatively these best brightest may personally display talents if the stage expands or movies demand. Let us pray. *Nothing* will be changed.

May, 1926.

JOHN RIORDAN

BANAL STORY

SO HE ate an orange, slowly spitting out the seeds. Outside the snow was turning to rain. Inside the electric stove seemed to give no heat and rising from his writing table he sat down upon the stove. How good it felt. Here at last was life.

He reached for another orange. Far away in Paris Mascart had knocked Danny Frush cuckoo in the second round. Far off in Mesopotamia 21 feet of snow had fallen. Across the world in distant Australia the English Cricketers were sharpening up their wickets. There was Romance.

Patrons of the arts and letters have discovered The Forum, he mused. It is the guide, philosopher and friend of the thinking minority. Prize short stories — will their authors write our best sellers of tomorrow?

You will enjoy these warm, homespun, American tales, bits of real life on the open ranch, in crowded tenement or comfortable home and all with a healthy undercurrent of humor.

I must read them, he thought.

His thoughts raced on. Our children's children—what of them? Who of them? New means must be discovered to find room for us under the sun. Shall this be done by war or can it be done by peaceful methods?

Or will we all have to move to Canada?

Our deepest convictions—will Science upset them? Our civilization—is it inferior to older orders of things.

And meanwhile in the far off dripping jungles of Yucatan sounded the chopping of the axes of the gum choppers.

Do we want big men—or do we want them cultured? Take Joyce. Take President Coolidge. What star must our college students aim at? There is Jack Britton. There is Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Can we reconcile the two? Take the case of Young Stribling.

And what of our daughters who must make their own Soundings? Nancy Hawthorne is obliged to make her own Soundings in the sea of life. Bravely and sensibly she faces the problems which come to every girl of eighteen.

Are you a girl of eighteen? Take the case of Joan of Arc. Take the case of Bernard Shaw. Take the case of Betsy Ross.

Think of these things in 1925—Was there a risque page in Puritan History? Were there two sides to Pocahontas?

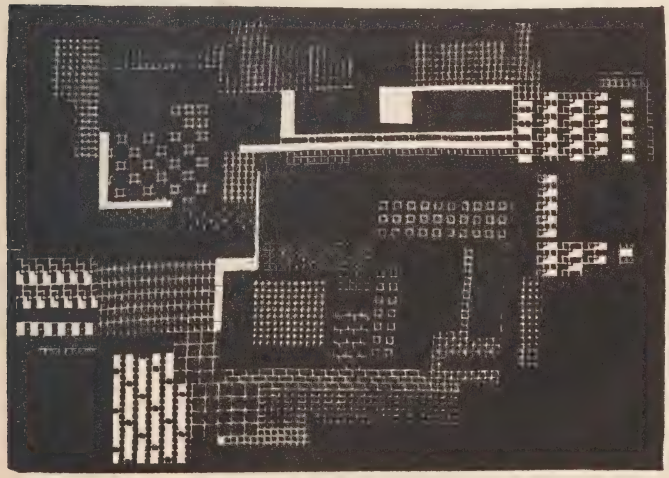
Are modern paintings—and poetry—Art? Yes and No. Take Picasso. Have tramps codes of conduct? Send your mind adventuring.

There is Romance everywhere. Forum writers talk to the point, are possessed of humor and wit. But they do not try to be smart and are never long winded.

Live the full life of the mind exhilarated by new ideas, intoxicated by the Romance of the unusual.

And meanwhile stretched flat on a bed in a darkened room in his house in Triana, Manuel Garcia Maera lay with a tube in each lung drowning with the pneumonia. All the papers in Andalucia devoted special supplements to his death which had been expected for some days. Men and boys bought full length colored pictures of him to remember him by and lost the picture they had of him in their memories by looking at the lithographs. Bull fighters were very relieved he was dead because he did always in the bull ring the things they could only do sometimes. They all marched in the rain behind his coffin and there were one hundred and forty-seven bull fighters followed him out to the cemetery where they buried him in the tomb next to Joselito. After the funeral everyone sat in the cafes out of the rain and many colored pictures of Maera were sold to men who rolled them up and put them away in their pockets.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY



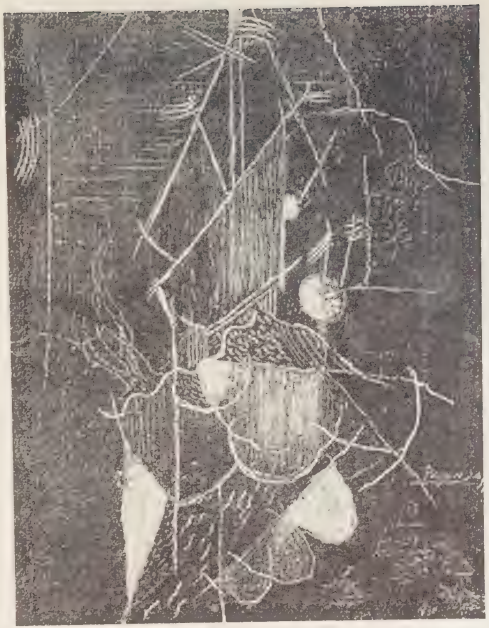
BY HANNAH HOCH

GEORGES PAPAZOFF

GEORGES PAPAZOFF was born in Bulgaria. His family, one of the oldest in the country, is covered with glory; and legends which form part of Bulgarian folklore have grown up around its more prominent members. Georges as a boy had little liking for school life. He had hardly read Robinson Crusoe before he imitated him—and this in the heart of winter, on an island in a frozen lake, and for background the virgin forests of the Balkans. He lived on wild plums which he found beneath the covering of snow. This bucolic episode lasted as long as a box of matches; he came home barefoot like the son of a prophet. He began work on a farm, spending his vacations at the lycée, where his parents thought they should send him—as was proper for respectable merchants of a little provincial town. He was their favourite child. When of age he became a comitadji, taking advantage of this venture to increase the probabilities of love. Nevertheless, the shoemaker's trade attracted him; and then, after publishing several articles on Russian art, he did not hesitate to fight a duel with the director of the State Bank who frequented the house of Papazoff's mistress. He felt himself insulted, but in reality it was the financier who laid prior claims on this woman with her eyes as soft as those of a sleeping bird. The Sofia prefect of police classed the incident by exclaiming, "Vive la'amour." Papazoff went into penance, accompanied by some book of Dostoevsky and a good Mauser—selecting as the scene of his exploits the independent theatre of Macedonia. Later he picked himself the profession of architect, which ended in disaster by his constructing a hangar for Zeppelins at Sofia which was carried off by some fatherless wind. This was evidence to him that he was destined for a subtler kind of architecture and thus he became what we usually call a painter. His painting is like the man. We will never know whether his painting is done to explain his temperament or whether some pure germ of painting seized his body to find there its incarnation. The bey Billouk, a great friend of his father, summons him to Constantinople each time the needs of nature become importunate. In the "Intran" some time back, there was an advertisement: "Loft to rent (if possible in the Quartier Montparnasse). Address Papazoff, 28 rue Vavin."

Tr. by Kenneth Burke.

MARX LOEBE



LE VAISSEAU FANTÔME

PIERROT

BY GEORGES PAPAZOFF

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOHOLY-NAGY

MASQUE ET MANDOLIN RAISINS ET VIOLON

BY LOUIS MARCOUSSIS

NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAESAR ZWASKA

ANONYMOUS LETTER

cerebral flower faints on the list of the categories of the skies
he is a star a convinced mandarin on a calling card
deserts the physical twofold brilliance which cuts the hour
    with its scissors
the spiral ether in the revolving door of respectful salutations
swells the stairways which mister goat is mounting painfully
mustard plasters are also animals with heads and diverse
spectacles of foggy vitality adopted to every circumstance
a cloudy beard surrounds the aureole of nickelplated jesus
who shines in our collective heart a seed in the sliced half
    of an apple
jesus a confidential agent
I beg you please to burst the door of x as if

TRISTAN TZARA

NOCES

á Igor Strawínsky

WHEN THE sun with gold and priceless gold, had encumbered enough the shops of ardency and swollen the breasts of the earth, these began to throw to the sky their food of fire and unfathomable depth.

God's hand feels the pulse of the earth. Even the fearless the blood whips the music, while ascends from the parents of the betrothed, the dignified lament. Suckled with vigor, with the ticking of time and of the passing train, it's here that life is cut as the worm and that the child falls in the column which follows the eternal moaning of the flesh. Within each pore of the skin, there is a garden containing all the beasts of the jungle of anguish.—One must be able to look with an eye as big as a city upon the glass through which one dances, takes one's love out boating, sports about and gambols. From each note it mounts, from the lines of the palm into trees, it descends from animals to roots, for each note is big and sees.

Sowing songs over earth's epidermis
under the tree overloaded with musical symbols
crawling over the calcareous knoll among lizards and tombstones, resinous and chalky sheds, cemetery exuding turpentine devoured by the eager claws set in semi-circle open like a grin.

The hairy breeze will sweep the shores, the molecules and the horns. And the essence which is wrung from the cloud and trickles, transforms the whole country into an eye weeping away its mournful destiny in the ocean. On the velvet of dreams, night aloof, gives birth to a ship.

Morning morning.

Morning of crystal, morning of bread baking, morning of maddened hives, morning smelling of stables, morning of squirrels and streamlets of cool brook water. Morning that smells good, breath suspended from the lips of life.

TRISTAN TZARA

DANS SON CHATEAU DE PORCELAINE

ON VOUS a égorgé pendant que je dormai
C'est le berger Crois-tu vêtu de ses étoiles
on vous a égorgé vos larmes sont si belles
et les rêves l'ont su ainsi que mes mains jointes

L'hirondelle apportait des mots dans tous les cieux
mais les mots pour ma vie n'ont pas de sens juste
et des fleurs d'infinis que j'ai bu à genoux
et ces hasards d'illusions et de ma vie

Le ciel est constellé du grand art de l'amour
Le ciel est constellé par les yeux de nos femmes
et les nuages sont de purs amours qui meurent

Mais
de ces astres-là
rient les plus éphémères
Celle-là de ses dents L'été les bal cons clairs
et mille liserons dans les vagues de sang
Cueillait la grande étoile de l'amour absolu
O la magie
soudain le matin affolé
s'envolait de ses yeux comme une inféodée
au destin surprenant de l'ombre majesté
Les glaïeuls étalaient leurs ongles de luxure
et les jets d'eau tout nus ombrageaient ma fortune

JACQUES BARON

J'AI RENCONTRE

VOICI LA nuit si froide sur les berges Mystères
A-t-elle quelque soupir
Elle est
étrangement plus belle que la mer
plus livide et plus nue que la plus belle étoile

Cours la rive cours le bruit ainsi que nos malheurs
Il est un inconnu Misérable qui rouge
aux baisers écclatants

Regrets éffleureront les fleurs auprès des eaux

Madame marche Silence des troupeaux
Quelque tige éclata pour souligner la jambe
et le satin des cieux éclatera en rouge

JACQUES BARON

SCHNEETHLEHEM

1

MIT SEINER Dampfmaschine treibt
Er Hut um Hut aus seinem Hut
Und stellt sie auf in Ringelreihn
Wie man es mit Soldaten tut.

Dann füllt er jeden Hut voll Blut
Und reibt sich ein mit Fahnenfett
Sagt Kakadu zum Kakasie
Und steigt Gewehr bei Fuss ins Bett.

2

Durch Gummibänder an dem Hut
Schnellt er hinüber in den Frack
Und blässt damit es niemand hört
Das Muskelhorn in einen Sack.

Das gross Ei der Hexerei
Das laut die Trebertrommel schlägt
Hat ihm das Fenster vollgeklext
Das er vor seinem Schweisstuch trägt.

HANS ARP

RECEPTION

(Recollection)

THERE IS no true language other than that of the heart. It is not another speech I envy, not some other than that which was given me, which I perceive is in myself, and in which I seek to aquit myself fittingly at all times. It is so little distorted by impurity, that surely you will not refuse me your welcome. I ask you to receive me and ask it without pride and without humility. Will it be permitted me to come close to you? I have come to you with no clever artifices nor fine gestures. I have come to you only with what belongs to me, that which is myself, and I know it is very slight, and you may well laugh at such unpretentious baggage. And yet I attempt the path that leads directly to you.

You must not think me too forward. I have no desire to be seductive and certainly none to educate. There are enough others to do that without me. Their role is excellent—although I desire none of it. It is not pride, I feel, it is by no means pride which directs my words, so much as the need of an indulgent presence. I am in need of you. I am writing you what I should never dare to say to you.

And perhaps after I have written it I shall be full of remorse and confusion. But for this once I am letting myself be guided by my weakness and by heaven knows what persistent hope of assuagement, of gentle warmth and human joy. I come toward you only as a man, and not one of the strongest, and very likely one of the most uncertain of men.

I should like you to receive me as the peasants do the people who knock at their door. What freshness in this dwelling place! The pump drips; the hornets are asleep on the ceiling.—"Would you mind giving me a glass of water? Outside the place is broiling like a Christmas turkey.—A glass of water? why, we are well enough off to give you a glass of wine."

Yes, I should like to move you by these country scenes. They encourage me, and perhaps they may not displease you either. I wish you the same fortune among the groups that form in the summer evenings before the houses which are dead from heat. And then the air is become so pure that as it glides past your curtains it seems to come to appease you.—Let us go out, you say; and you drag your chairs out in front of the door. In the gathering night the leaves spread themselves and sigh feebly.

Truly, it is not so bad to live. The eyes of the women are full of shadow, but their hearts are soft and turn toward you. Calm night, neither thy grandeur nor thy silence affright us, so well dost thou know to soften them with graces and delights when there will be nothing but the velvet birds that promenade under the savant stars. Indulgent night, human night, thou hast laid thyself upon our souls with such softness that they bow gently and respond likewise with a gesture of welcome. It is this moment which I have chosen to approach myself, and like a neighbor with unbottoned vest, and dragging slippers, who from behind his hedge bids you good evening,—it is thus that I want to approach you and I know that you will not repulse me.

Do not mind that I speak to you of my little ambitions and my petty chagrins. For the moment it will be a pleasant grotesquerie. You know quite well that I wish to speak about all of us tonight. I regarded you before coming, and each of us with his mannerisms, his dreams, his habitual tom-tom, seemed like some monster engulfed in his eternal solitude. But here we are come together again, and how much it seems to me that we have created in common a richness of which we certainly did not know ourselves the depositaries.

God knows, however, how all of us (You and I, I say naively) are ridiculous, trivial and miserable. Regard this creature who is always disoriented, who wails over himself, who adores himself, who abuses himself, and who truly lives neither for heaven nor earth. He eats, he gesticulates, he makes love, he sleeps. The worst of it is that he thinks. And what does he think, the wretch. He thinks of himself incessantly, he thinks that he thinks; and his thought appears so capital to him that he desires to disseminate it about him as I am doing now. By good luck this farce comes to an end, and your nice gentleman is stretched out, his limbs nicely arranged, his mouth still babbling with fear, in this bit of earth that dared to soil his shoes. Let him repose in peace! He had not been very happy.

Let him rest in peace. There about the fresh earth that has just been disturbed, I remark a puff of wind, and the agitation of confused presences. What! Isn't it all over! Are not six feet of earth enough to hide a human animal up to the time of his final destruction! I hesitate to recognize you, I recognize you, I rediscover you, with a desire to laugh and console myself, —thoughts of this man believed dead. Smiles and tears, disquietudes, struggles, hopes, defeats, you who subsist, imponderable riches, you whom we receive as our patrimony, whom we shall keep, whom we shall develope with whatever power we have, whom we shall transmit in our turn, and who will live the precarious life of the living.

Men of the future, it is you also whom I desire to approach; it is above all of you whom I solicit a welcome. Do not think me proud: I am merely accomplishing the task which has been assigned to me. Feeble as my voice is, perhaps something would be amiss, if I did not surmount my own weakness. Upon some night which is like the night I was picturing to you, with this same friendliness of things, in the heart of just such recollections as I found myself in, if upon one of our great human evenings, this voice reach to you and you receive it without disdain—in whatever place I may be, you shall know that I rejoice.

I should not have put on again such a sumptuous apparel in order to please you; but one's garb changes and perhaps, my words, bare as they are will reach you more easily than more dazzling words. And if I repress my emotions as much as I dare, do not accuse me of coldness: others have spoken very well before me, others will speak too well after me, and I fear much a vain accent because I do not know how to subdue my voice. As I speak to you am I not after all in a house which is strange to me? And if I should speak in loud tones:—"Who is this, you will say, who thinks he alone is interesting!"—You find nothing here but one of you.

At least I have done what I could. And if I can do more I shall do it.

(*Tr. by Matthew Josephson*)

MARCEL ARLAND

HAVRE—NEW YORK

HAVRE IS a city of masts and of rain, inhabitated by bales of cotton, Brazilians and hygronomes. It holds the record for fresh water and the record for salt water. It is at Havre that actresses, poets and marshals go on board.

My friend, Jerome Coeur, walks ahead of me, up the gang plank. We approach the "Loustic" (Olympic, Titanic, Majestic, Loustic). The sailing is set for six o'clock. The bell on shore, suspended from the sky by a cordage of sea gulls, already sounds a long rallying in feathers.

Jerome Coeur sighs:

—"Again a departure to the screech owls!"

He was a young man with a warm look, with a cheek of faience, a planetary eye. Molded in a light grey suit, legs without genuflexions, shoulder extended with rubber, solitary fingers like cow's hooves, he longs for fresh blood, the sea air, boxing.

He carries a little trunk full of socks, a lorgnette and New York.

I hurry behind him, pen in hand.

—"Jerome, what kind of weather is it?"

—"It rains!"

∴

The Loustic frees itself from the rubbish of cables, anchors, women, from plaits of hemp; molting; suddenly appears smooth and new, serpent, fish, gelatine. It glides upon a sea with cabbages, with a sound of screws, snails and cabin boys. Already, yonder, the coast of France shades off. A block of houses becomes an ant hill; a tree, pipe; the estuary, string to cut butter. An odor of gramineous plants, of cattle, of tar gives up, and suddenly goes under. A daughter of Caux is plunged in up to her headdress. Soon the whole of France is only a horizontal line. And already, the evening breaks this line.

∴

At table we make the acquaintance of our heroine. You of course thought that sooner or later I was going to pull a woman out of my box of tricks. Here she is. Marcelle is twenty-one, she has several sous, the wit of a swallow, a plum coloured dress. She changes her poodle every time she changes her hat. In storms she has a muff of white bear. When the wind quiets down, she slips on colocynth gloves. In short a French woman like many another: a little eatable heart, a pair of silk stockings and a powder box. . The rest into the bargain.

Besides all are French on the Loustic. The Dutch, in polder gloves, are from the Ile de France; the Yankees come from Nice; a Spaniard speaks of Montparnasse; the Brazilians, the Peruvians are originally from Auvergne; the Swedes come from Ardeche and the Poles from Picardy. The little boys have an air of Toulon, the little girls of La Rochelle. A golden Chinese springs from Roche-Guyon.

They serve French food, measured, luke warm, in the form of hills, wheat, acacias.

After dinner, upon the bridge, one smokes, one reads, *à la Française*. Marcelle reads Marcel (Prévost, what!)

But little by little France recedes to larboard. To starboard America shows her nose. Marcelle becomes more fantastic, eats cakes, drinks whiskey. I speak to her with my whole heart, she speaks to me of the "Metropolitan."

Herds of bison in the firmament graze on the shore of a river of Velay. Then all the cows calve, and already the bear of the Rocky Mountains walks with his step of stone into a clay pipe cañon. A lamb comes up to the threshhold of my pen, then sneezing disappears into the Cevennes. And here the hog, the buffalo, and Wall Street. The ocean is iridescent with cod, with whales. An odor of the Mississippi invades the hatchways. Little by little the Swedes become Swedish again; the Cubans, Cuban; the Spaniards, Spanish; the Greeks, Hellenes; the English, Irish; the French, American. Marcelle puts on a rain coat; eats corn, bacon; reads the New York Herald with glasses. She speaks of dollars, of the Mexican Eagle. She walks on the bridge, cane in hand. She buys a Bible.

As we approach New York, I feel my fantasy turn to Love. The sky, the water, the currents impregnate my clothing, my heart. I become more and more pale. I offer Marcelle a cigar holder, ten Wyoming bonds, Fifth Avenue. Jerome Coeur displeases me. He swings about, shaves, becomes smooth. I ask him:

—"Jerome, what kind of weather is it?"

—"It rains!"

∴

Marcelle, Marcelle, today you are mine. Liberty opens her arms to me. Yours feel Los Angeles, Saint-Louis. Herds of beavers swim in a stream of cotton, rigid and webbed, like bad angels. Giraffes lift toward the twenty-eighth story their serpent necks with spectacles. Marcelle gives me her mouth, her breasts. New York. Odor of iron, of coffee, of publicity, of Remington, of Rockefeller. New York. Young men of Louisiana, high upon the stilts of thigh bones. Women of silver upon the pavements of azure. New York. New York.

New York! Everyone descends!

JOSEPH DELTEIL

ANTHOLOGY

KENNETH BURKE

I BOUGHT a seed and planted it
a tree sprang up I tended it
through the dry summer watered it
the apples ripened in the fall

I broke the apples open and I found
the bitter ash of days

The garden was rich and blighted
thorns crowded through the wall
I watched an empty calendar
wait

Wait
something is waiting and hidden
magnificent kisses everlasting fame
around the corner of next week between
the edges of two days

Wait only
I shall heap your lap with pears
oranges nectarines and rubies
around your neck a chain of afternoons
your head crowned with forgetfulness

Wait only
a tense man in a narrow house
waiting without memory or hope
asking for much too much expecting nothing

A rain of days like ashes out of the sky

ROBERT M. COATES

Dipping an adroit hand into his hat he found:

Successively, a patent razor, gin, a ukulele, five cigar bands,, 3-in-1, a jackknife with broken blades, a portable bathtub and a Sunday Times, as well as freckles, Matisse, an aeroplane and a white rabbit. The last he gave to the White Queen, who ran away.

The red-haired man burst into genuine tears, they did not change to pearls. He went to a dance in Harlem. Sud-

denly he held a toy pistol to his head, pulled the trigger and on a given chord he crumpled to the floor. Was he the freckled man who died repeating

—I sent her flowers with regrets, flowers regretfully, my deep regrets and flowers?

HART CRANE

Jesus I saw crossing Times Square
with John the Baptist and they bade me stop
their hands touched mine

Visions from the belly of a bottle

The sea white white
the flower in the sea
the white fire glowing in the flower
and sea and fire and flower one
the world is one, falsehood and truth
one, morning and midnight, flesh and vision
one

I fled along the avenues of night
interminably and One pursued

My bruised arms in His arms nursed
my chest against His bleeding chest
my head limp against his shoulder

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Buy 300 steel at the
market buy 300 steel
at the market buy 300
steel

His face melted into the telephone
his lips curved with hello and dreamed
the vulcanized rubber eyes

with a hello there was a lake beneath
the Bowling Green 6000 trees
and hello Bowling Green the noise of waters

under a curdled sky hello
I dove into the lake hello

into the lake as green hello
as Mr. Kahn hello hello
as green as Bowling Green

I'll make a note of it goodbye and rain
suddenly falling down fell steel and copper
lead railways cotton rubber falling
rain steadily falling public utilities
always a good buy

a good I'll make a note of it
buy goodbye goodbye

GORHAM B. MUNSON

It was an arduous task. He surmounted his intangible difficulties with precision. The man must be a genius. His tuition cost a great deal. We went to the museum.

Theory is better than practice. Words are the man. The man is a window or a door. A battledore or double door. Out of a door the picador. The door adores the picador the picador the matador. The matador adores dormice. He will stay for lunch.

It is probable that he will be punctual punctual punctual and papa why is the man punctual punctual punctual because he is punctual punctual. The rain descends. Gently the rain descends the infinitely gentle rain the rain gently descending and I am bored. Manifestations are geometrical not ethical.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Hurry
at a quarter after seven
nothing, at a quarter after eight
nothing, the aim is nothing, the pursuit
hurried

And so he climbed the hill
breathless, reached the summit, found it bare
of memories and galloped down the slope
the Baron asks your company to dinner
hurry

Up other hills to other summits hurried
down other slopes to other vallies hurried

hurry at a quarter after seven
nothing, at a quarter after eight
nothing

WALTER S. HANKEL

The earth trembled in all its members
cracked open to reveal its secret subways
stones from the cornice shattered at his feet

Manhattan was destroyed by definition

There is nothing human in the death of crowds
human only to climb
a lone man climbing the highest tower climbing
along the shivering ledges (he reached the peak
where rose the flagstaff, clasped it with his arms
climbed)

Whose laughter floats in the air above the city?
and when the tower bends
like a yellow birch in winter, what the burden
hurled from the summit into the arms of the sun?

SEVERAL

They tied our hands with a chain of days
and dimmed our eyes with hoping
and stuffed our ears with praising
our mouths with plenty

We lived by the rivers of silence
the seas of stupefaction

O friends we shall get drunk, dead drunk
go wallowing in the gutter among the stars
I plucked a daisy of the fields
saying

Monday (she loves me not)
Tuesday (she loves me not)
Wednesday (she loves me not)
she loves me tomorrow
The clap of thunder, the noise of falling rain

MALCOLM COWLEY

"COLORS OF LIFE"

IN A big wicked city nearly down town where traffic and human life was jamming and jagging fast and slowly along, one hot summer day around three in the afternoon there came walking along the street nearly down town a couple, husband and wife, who were one and close to three score years, nearly life's average end. The woman carried in her hands an open parasol and a book, the man a hard thumping cane and a book. They trudged along slowly, these two who were but one, and came to where two busy streets met and double crossed. To the end of the walk they went, then into the street stepped both. Turning around the man removes his hat. With the open book in his hands, full uplifted eyes dimming unto the blue sky, his silent thoughts were thought. Closing the book, the woman opened hers and started to sing and they not being much noticed until then. Those in hearing distance heard her voice, some stopped, others looked and others kept on their fast and slow way. A wonderful mellow voice was being heard. Some came closer, while others drew closer into a crowd drawing others.

With her mellow voice she drew life and the different grades of life into a big crowd of life mostly sham. In a big wicked city nearly down town where traffic and human life was jamming and jagging fast and slowly along.

She stopped singing and spoke to them about the good and bad ways of us all and telling how to make good better and bad less. She told things about herself, how she found the right way and of a girl of her's who had gone wrong to the bad.

Some sordid ones in the crowd sizzled evil reflections on her body and soul, and others said kind and good things of and about her. She knew, even heard such things said while she was busy talking to the good and bad of life's life.

Then again her wonderful voice started singing. Few left and more came into the crowd of life, every one a different world of life. She stops singing. Then the man limped forward and told of a wayward boy of his hell-bound. They changed back and forth speaking and singing to changing odd life of odd life. Meantime, in a big wicked city nearly down town where traffic and human life was jamming and jagging fast and slowly along, street cars passing by fast and slow carrying human life, a crowd and from them some looked and some others jumped off. Some in the cars laughed, made fun and idle remarks and some drivers stopped their dumb beasts, looked and listened. They also said something, and automobiles stopped, the occupants had their say then would go on to life's acts.

"Extra, double extra!! Bloody murder in the big sky lark hotel. Train wreck. Limiteds collide head on. Hundred killed."

People looked out the windows from high and low buildings at the crowd of life, had their say and a lot at that. The fire department goes rambling, rumbling by in double gong dinging and ding gonging scaring fear into humans. "Bow-bow-wow." Dog fight in the street, big black and little white dog chewing each other and little dog licked. "Bow-wow-wow."

Men passed in and out the saloon on the corner, married, single, other conditions and classes of life's graded life's acts. Some sober, some drunk, some sane, some insane, some leaning against the building their thoughts weary of life and afraid of death. In the alley nearby white and black kids were going it hot, sweating over the square tumbling dirty bony loaded marbles. Black kid, "Come seben eleben, for de big watermellon, ha, dats it. Come seben eleben again, ha-ha-ha, dats it, de fat juicy bacon." White kid, "Come seven eleven for a pint of booze and a game of pool, come again for a dance with the gal, a oyster and liquor stew." Little hungry dirty children, some homeless, together with little children of plenty and no want were in the crowd of life.

The hurry-up auto that gives free rides comes along and an old gray haired dippy dip pinched by a dick gets behind gray iron bars. Fashionable women of wealth, others of tricky society fame, good and bad mingled in and out the crowd of life's ins and outs. Women all ages, some virtuous others sinners, in silks, satins, tatters of dirty rags were there in life with life's life its acts. Across the street a man drops dead, few minutes later an automobile runs over and kills a woman and child. Two street cars collide, another runs off the track across the street into a dry goods store window, no one hurt, miracle of kind fate. Uncle Ike down the street grabs hold of a passerby, wants to sell him a ford, watch, cast off new suit or glass stone, maybe a derby hat. There is an argument in the store over two cents then a fight and passerby grabs Ikey's mothy matted beard and biffs him a whack on his drooping long nose. Crowds gather inside and outside, a cop rushes in, another cop does the same, then a cop rushes out for the hurry-up auto, passerby is pinched.

"Extra, extra, Judge and lawyer fist cuff it out in the City Hall." Somebody yells, "Let 'em alone." "Extra, preacher's wife kills self and baby." The fire department goes by again, rambling, rumbling in double gong dinging and ding gonging, false alarm, fireman killed in collision. The big fat cop Mike on the beat comes by squeezes into the crowd, rubbers around, squeezes out winking, then cops his coppy beat.

"Extra, extra, latest out, comely chorus girl kills married banker. Read all about it. Rich hot spicy stuff. Extra, extra, get a extra this one." People pushing, elbowing, squeezing through the changing crowd of life to buy the extra hot spicy rich double life stuff. Two airplanes collide three thousand feet up, one falls into the street the other on top of a skyscraper. No one hurt, another modern miracle.

Two pretty blonde women get into a fight and have a regular hair pulling contest before a big crowd of graded life's rubbernecks. Said one, "You'll go to hell for this, damn you, don't you know he's married?" And the other said, "O, rats, to hell with it, that's nothing, I am married too." Two cops rush up and rush in and pinch the two blondes with a free auto ride, and soon another extra is out, another triangle hair pulling contest. Little Italy the boot black on the corner did a rushing business brushing unfortunate men clean, guilty and innocent, of blonde hairs. In and out the crowd were giddy girls, freakish dudes, bums, beggars, drunks, society women, bankers, merchants, junkmen and icemen this hot day.

In the crowd was an old gray haired crippled woman bent with age and in her misery, among good and evil the acts of life mostly double sham. She had by her side a dirty white panting dog that wandered in among the wandering crowd of life acts of good and evil mostly sham.

A freakish dude youth with his pretty face blonde girl with freckles, foggy blue eyes, an artificial form on flimsy loud rags come walking along the street nearly down town where traffic and human life was jamming and jagging fast and slowly along, came to the changing crowd of life, stopped and worked their way into it alongside the old woman and dirty white panting dog. Stood there paying no attention to the singing, but rubbered around and were talking foolish like two born illfated fools of lost destiny. The dirty dog rubbed against his creased white pants, he kicks and curses it, takes his silk handkerchief wipes the dirt off then his mouth off, turns around and said to freckles his giddy blonde gal, "Come on, that woman in there singing is a little bit off and funny. She's a nut." His blondy gal freckles with foggy blue eyes, an artificial form on flimsy loud rags giggled loud and cruel then said, "That's so, come on." Just then a drunken bum bumped into her and nearly bumped her down and she said, "Away you old dopey stew or I'll have your crazy nibs pinched."

The freakish stormy dude with his giddy gal was the son of the old gray haired cripple woman bent with age aside the dirty white panting dog and the giddy girl with the freakish stormy dude was the daughter of the woman singing, her mother with

the wonderful mellow voice to life its odd acts. The drunken bum who bumped into her was her dissipated drunken brother and the wayward son of those with the books, parasol and hard thumping cane. Life and the changes of life's acts, mostly sham, had changed their lives that none knew one another from the other, deaf to hear, blind to see.

Later newspapers reports unknown man kills self with gas. Unknown tramp killed riding between clickety click wheels, the vibrating half inch rods. Unknown woman taken from river same day, different parts of the country. Three unknowns bones back to dust started decaying in potters field. Who were these three with eyes they had and saw not and ears they had and heard not, and the wages of sin from sham is death.

CHARLES L. DURBORAW

IN PRAISE OF VIOLENCE

NOTHING IS lost sooner than violence (unless it be collective.) Only when arm in arm with his brothers has the individual any lasting strength. War or revolution is all right; between two bombs nothing keeps man from dreaming of his armchair or his cabbages. But left alone on the tight rope with no one in front or behind, a grenade in each hand to kill, every minute, it does not last. A star bursts in the sky and passes in a veil of fleeting brilliance. The warm deep darkness remains with its nightingale's songs, its quilts, its flakes of hope.

An epoch of violence has just ended—we do not mean the war, but the one which assailed all the moral defenses. How short a time it lasted! Does one still remember Dadaism, except to laugh, to scorn and spit?

Dadaism did not last any more than the length of skirts or a fashionable colour. It may have been the excess of violence itself that did it, that collective violence itself more remarquable for submerging every individual. And everyone breaking his shell, went crowing to war, in search of the Almighty. Putting on the airs of a general is becoming but only when heading an army. A general in an autobus is little more handsome than a bank clerk.

After Dadaism had scattered its parts and its glands to the four winds, it ceased to draw attention upon its perpetual virility. Its acquired impetus only enabled it to go on making love.

It so happened that a little piece of Dadaism thought it could perfectly well invest itself with Sex Quality and fill a respectable role within the vulva of the mob. The success of Surrealism is the wedding apparel of this bird of paradise.

They don't agree any more about Surrealism than they used to about Dadaism. The same thick swamp subsists. Who is surrealist, who is not? They know it only at the Central Office—where everybody is it. Like Dadaism in its time, there remains the same duplicity among individuals, the same mystification which is inseparable from all deep outbursts, being after all as respectable as the latter. A certain appearance of steely violence, but only an appearance, the call to revolt and the gears of social revolts complete the analogy.

But is it an analogy? Is it not merely Dadaism going on?

The lacteous appetites of youth, the sufferings of the platter as we face life ahead of us have replaced however the frenzy of yesteryear's embers. One does not repeat such an adventure. Our rebels of to-day are just suffering from growing pains. Catholicism in bloom seems to be dipping its wick pretty well in its candle-wax.

The equivocal depth of this movement streaming with a new freshness, with the jewels of a poetry paraded somewhat "à la Jeanne d'Arc" is not without some fragrance of the dark, formerly assumed by Dadaism. Its leader will not cling, when the day comes he will remove the palm of his hand and with a beautiful crash the dust will change appearance.

In spite of ourselves who, may be, had given too much scope to our tameness, this example makes us shake our feathers. The universe has not yet lost under our teeth its taste of hardness. With too much confidence, we were keeping our eyes closed, lying on a bed of pumice stones which was without much trouble transformed into a comfortable sofa. Eyelids of hot steel and shark lips, lets stop dreaming and go hunting? We care too much for public opinion, and we blush for looking unfashionable to the snobbish eye, so happy are we that the turn of fashion is for an easy nonchalance.

The strong hands which lead Surrealism will, no doubt, withdraw, some day, followed by loud laughter. But there may be then so many clouds of whipped cream that the whole world will have again put on its white cloak of the centuries of comfort, in the insipid asphyxy of prudish suns and moons in corsets?

It matters little, after all. It is a question of our pleasure, which claims to refresh itself in Violence.

G. RIBEMONT DESSAIGNES

AS ONE WHO GUARDS OVER THE BRILLIANT CAPITOL

I LOVE the walk I love the dance the trot
The town in the fog the talk the word
That hangs large above a street. I love
This scored film of mud my boot stirs.

Look this is is my mind and I may give it only
In a lyrical form. I am leaving. Walking away backward
And will telephone you once twice perhaps 3 times.
The indefinite city: "I know only I love my true love!"

Come you don't know how reasonably I enjoyed
The evening the party pursuing its *one* state of mind
Conversation.
Today I broached 4 great ventures
Myself director in chief of each.

The campaign will be formidable
The grey gentlemen will listen and slit their purses
The beautiful posters will sing throughout the land
I shall have two telephones always ringing

From behind a tree the tender country lout
Spies the 12 cylinder automobile buttoned
Shiny. The lady mounting at once and driven
Softly softly to the Great White Way

I had no fear. But you don't know how brusquely
Interrupting all I rushed uptown to hear
This lady resume. And as the hour grew later
I grew greater and greater!

She is the last woman with the Grand Manner stop
In America. Stop—The manner must not stop
I replied. She leaned now a little wearily
Pointing at the frail albino idiot

—Madam I beg you instantly to reclaim
Those monstrous favors to this easy man.
Bestow them on his friend who merits more
Yet asking nothing starves, pines, coughs, sighs,
shivers!—

—That moment I could have hewn my right hand off
And cast it into the flame, knowing you would urge
His friend!—
Bah, your man's a superb jackal.
I'll chant no more this evening. I'll be off!

I can go now. 'Tis no pose in me. I know my sex
I know the way to my home unaided
And the stairs leading to tomorrow morning
I love the flatulent 'bus shaking quailing

And roaring beneath my soles. I am a man
Fit to move with you anywhere; begin a new tale
Forget you; renew a friendship; awake grinning.
I love the walk I love the dance I love the trot

It was not only for words that hang large above a street
"Tone clusters" and all the delicate and strong stuff
I was made rather to give a command clearly
To order a massacre of old men and maids

To direct naval manoeuvers determine sagely
When to retreat when to turn in advance
To give out civil laws to hear testimonials
Receive tithes and genuflections despatch criminals.

Here are implements, wheels, a bench at a window
But oh God, no hands, no eyes, what men!
Can you work quietly here while I am far away,
Imagining I watch outside as from a window?

As the hour grows later I grow greater and greater
She the last woman with the grand manner is weary
While I have the walk the dance the trot
This scored film of mud my boot stirs.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THE SUBWAY

IN THE year 1921, it is reported that 639385780 passengers of both sexes rode on the New York Subways. Although this figure does not include dead persons, babes in arms, or public servants of the metropolis (all of whom may ride to and fro on the subway without expense to themselves) the figure as it stands is certainly impressive. For if the grand total

represents that many individuals, every one of them enjoying discreet identity; that is to say, if the six million etc. should differ among themselves in shape, smell, color, and chest measurement, and were to be laid out end to end like paving stones, the procession or path formed thereby would not only extend from here to the moon, but I dare say it would extend a considerable distance beyond it. That, indeed, would be an

ASTONISHING SPECTACLE

but as an even more striking illustration of subway efficiency another graphic measurement might possibly be used. Thus if all the 639385780 passengers could somehow or other be got into a mortar, brayed into a pulp of semi-liquid consistency, and then plastered over the sun, I believe there would be a sufficiency of the pulp not only to cover the sun, but to such an opaque depth that not even the tiniest twinkle of light could force its way through. But

WHAT A TERRIBLE CALAMITY

that would be! For denied its most important source of heat and light, the world would most certainly freeze. Business would collapse, stocks fall to unprecedented levels, and with all its telephones ringing unanswered, the earth would spin forever through the stars, as cold and naked as a door knob. Nevertheless, Mr. Frank Warburg of the Revelation Undergarment Company, protected from ideas of any such a catastrophe by his morning newspaper, trotted down the subway steps, deposited his nickle and leaped

THROUGH THE TURNSTILE

Which act, being pars primo in his morning ritual, Mr. Warburg thereat hastened with a fixed eye toward an open car door, and thrusting aside the weaker or less ardent votaries who were converging toward it, so skilfully employed his elbows as to thrust himself within and capture the last available seat. Whereat the gong jangled, the door slithered shut, the train moved, Mr. Warburg hitched up his trousers, and

WHO'S THAT WAS SHOVING ME?

asked Miss Craig. It was a young man who had lost his balance and fallen against Miss Craig, a young man in a leghorn hat. For though every morning and evening the New York Subways perform a miracle of quantitative transportation (Hannibal maneuvering his army over the Alps, Xerxes herding his warriors over the Hellespont, or Moses engineering the Children of Israel out of Egypt, performed no vaster feat of transporta-

tion than do the officials of the subway twice daily) yet though the feat may be ever so unparalleled in history, the subway performs its diurnal miracle often at the expense of human comfort, safety, and at times, even of modesty. For to transport its herds of passengers the subway must pack them into the cars like so much breathing meat, and at

A STUPEFYING VELOCITY

project them through the bowels of the metropolis. Thus when the train lurched forward, the passengers lurched backward, and upset the young man in the leghorn hat, who in turn had lurched against Miss Craig, forcing her to tread on Mr. Warburg's foot. "Excuse us," said the young man raising his hat most politely, and "Certainly. O posolutely!" replied Miss Craig. Mr. Warburg's horn rims, however, balefully rose over the edge of his newspaper, and he said, "Who stepped on my foot?" But such incidents although occurring with almost painful regularity are of slight importance, and Miss Craig turning to her friend Miss Williams and fanning herself the while with a pretty pink handkerchief, said that it was very overcrowded in the car. However it is an observation as true as it is useful, that human beings can suffer in mass much more than they would ever be able to endure separately. Crushed as they are in the subway to a jelly of wobbling protoplasm, the discomforts of overcrowding are overcome by the general resistance of the group operating as a unit. "Yes. And it's perfectly suffocating," Miss Williams agreed, but when Mr. Warburg, having gloomily stared at Miss Craig for several minutes, disappeared at last behind his paper and Miss Craig had made a

SAUCY FACE AT HIM

Miss Williams said, "O don't make me laugh. I'm hot enough as it is." A moment later, however, blonde wisps of hair were fluttering beneath Miss Williams' hat. For the train now being projected through the tunnel at a prodigious velocity had assumed a function similar to that of a plunger in a high pressure pump. The air thus being compressed by the blunt face of the speeding train, is forced within through every opening and interstice. This naturally creates a violent circulation of air inside the cars, which breeze, being augmented by fans playing draughts of cool air on the heads below them, the heat entails only a

SLIGHT REDUCTION OF EFFICENCY

among those in transit. "In these hot summer days try Nodoreen. Harmless. Effective. At all Druggists." But Miss Craig had

hardly finished reading through the advertisement for the second time when the train reeled round a corner, the flanged jaws of its wheels screeched, and Miss Craig trying desperately to grab a strap, dropped her little pink handkerchief. The hankerchief fluttered down past Mr. Warburg's newspaper, spread its wings like a butterfly, and landed gently in his unconscious lap. The train having taken the curve, and Miss Craig regaining her balance turned to Miss Williams and said, "Holy Moses!" Leaving a blurred trail of lights and spectral faces the train slewed past Eighteenth street. "What?" said Miss Williams. "Look!" Miss Craig lowered her eyes. Now if Miss Williams hadn't laughed or if their eyes hadn't met, it might have turned out all right. The handkerchief might have blown off his lap, or it might have just slipped onto the floor, or he might have seen it lying there and passed it up to her if he was gentleman enough. But he probably was

NOT GENTLEMAN ENOUGH

Miss Williams began giggling, the motion of the train is giggly anyway, doing her mouth up with a lip stick to make off she wasn't laughing, which of course was no use because she lost her balance and that set them off all over again. And just then that fat nigger woman saw it lying there, so she began rolling her eyes trying to hide her big blobber lips with a handkerchief, and then the man next to Miss Williams saw it, and the young man who'd fallen over, saw it, and pretty soon everybody in the car was peeking over their shoulders to take a look at it. Miss Craig went white and red by turn not daring to look at Miss Williams for fear she'd scream. And then the man himself began to get figgety behind his newspaper and the next moment he was staring over it again at Miss Craig. Of course he must have seen everyone looking in that direction, for he looked down over his paper and saw it. Or probably he must have just glanced at it, for he was wearing a baby blue shirt and the handkerchief was pink. At any rate the difference in color didn't seem to mean much to him, for he went behind his paper and when a moment or two later he coughed and turned to a new page Presto! the handkerchief had absolutely disappeared. Naturally Miss Craig and Miss Williams didn't dare move their eyes one way or the other, but kept them positively glued to "Nodoreen. Harmless. Effective." until finally the train did stop at Canal Street, and out Miss Craig and Miss Williams wriggled as hard as they could and then just ran for the exit. As for Mr. Warburg, he stayed within the shell of his newspaper, and was carried past his usual station all the way to Rector street. But this is not extremely unusual in the daily annals of the subway, for occa-

sionally through some stroke of fate the conditions surrounding one unit become so distinct as to strike it off from the rest of the protoplasm. It thereby attains all the attributes of a discreet entity, achieves a certain kind of self-sufficiency, and at that functional moment when by all the laws of organic process it should detach itself from the mass to proceed in its own particular direction, the unit, as in this case Mr. Warburg, refuses to respond to the habitual stimuli, and is carried two or three stations beyond its accepted destination.

SLATER BROWN

PARIS AT ONE TIME

NAKED AND transparent negroes, taller than the tour Eiffel, play ball with apricot-coloured cubes . . . against a cobalt sky.

A typhoon . . . purple-green, whirling . . . an inverted pine-tree. Ah! it is a Christmas tree with all our gifts upon it. It sways and is sucked into the sea—disappears.

The earth slants up in a plane to the farthest place in the sky. Open mummy-cases in exact rows . . . all the queens of the world, their heads turned to the left . . . lie listening forever to our words of love . . . a smile of unbelief upon their painted profiles.

The wind gently lifts them from their caskets . . . they become tall plume-pens of many colours . . . emerald, blue, yellow, black, cerise. They write in the sand, something that has been forgotten. No one moves them but they continue to write and slowly the Champs Elysées appears in the foreground . . . rousseau-like people go walking up and down. A long line of carrousels slowly fades into place, down the centre of the avenue . . . from the arch to the concord. They are painted and golden, but silent and curtained and motionless. All at once all of the people, walking on the paths and in the groves, begin to move slowly towards the carrousels . . . when everyone has disappeared inside the curtains, a silent music begins to play. The curtains are lifted for a moment . . . there are no horses, no pigs, or chariots. There are two great spiral blades: giant augers. The people stand stupidly upon them and wait. The spirals begin to revolve. They dig themselves rapidly down into the earth . . . everything disappears. The music too is under the ground.

A pack of red rabbits comes bounding out of a grove at the right. Their ears back. Their bodies a straight line of speed. They are stopped in the air. They strain to another leap. They are compelled to remain motionless. A smile of indifference points their faces. They slowly change to glistening fish. They fall into a long line . . . abreast. They close their eyes and swim towards the river, singing softly in the night.

MARCOUSSIS

IT IS now almost a month since three young cyclists told us that spring was here. Since that evening when they passed along the avenues arm in arm, gentle, in beige trousers, I have seen new signs each day. Yesterday I remembered that the scenic railways appreciate nougat. Tomorrow the wise swallow will be changing his swallow-tail for a summer frock. Today the Opera tottered under its weight of sparrows. A little later the grey hour came out from the windows to go and give a lecture to the poor Czech students. This evening all the glittering signs had a tinge of salmon pink, a ministry had just fallen. Outside the Deux-Magots before Saint-Germain des Prés, Marcoussis offered me his pretty aperitif, towns green and calm in the springtime: the Eiffel Tower and two lemons in a spoon.

Lovely advertising pencil, O Eiffel Tower, smoke writing in an English hand on the asbestos of the sky . . . Citroën would offer any price to make you write "ten horse power." But for us, dear, remain a little faithful, shepherdess of May, remember the wind-mills.

Hope is made from the milk of green lemons. Beautiful Pharaoh, for whom so many women intercede, spring, keep your promises. The swallows are flying away and what will return? A beautiful bird? What sweet beautiful bird? It is called the "Firmament," a beautiful many coloured bird above the mountains.

He came . . . at every flap of his wings rainbows leaped forth, great primroses . . . in the growing shadows the violets died, swollen with repentance. A single hydrangea and this was the earth, overflowering with sweetness.

Marcoussis, in the evening, we have found your guitar, cracked. Each cord had broken in the heart of the night.

JACQUES VIOT

LA NOBLE FLEUR DE FEU

C'EST UNE fleur brûlant le feu
et cultivée par les forçats
qui donne cette ardente cendre
qu'est le poivre de Cayenne.

Les amants criminels qui craignent l'armurier
vont plutôt, vers le soir, trouver les épicières
candides, qui leur donnent tout aussi bien qu'aux bonnes
les ingrédients du bagne qu'on met dans la cuisine.

Quelle méfiance aviez-vous de ce cruel carême
où Cayenne incendie ses masques, Infidèles,
au vol blanc d'une main qui tout à coup s'allume,
oiseau qui d'un sóleil prend le feu dans ses plumes?

Car ces amants afin que meurent
Deux couples d'yeux dans un regard,
vous jettent, ô plus charmants des yeux,
la cendre d'où renait le feu.

GEORGES LIMBOUR

MUSICIENS EN VOYAGE

LES ANCIENS bandits de Calabre
avaient des fusils à tromblon
chapeau d'artiste, manteau long
Ils se cachaient derrière un arbre

Moi qui voyais sur des images
leurs fusils passant la cachette
croyais entendre le ramage
de joueurs doux de clarinette.

Frères des merles, ces simples jouent
craintive dont pâlit la joue
ils ne vous couchent en joue
que pour vous jouer un air d'amour

GEORGES LIMBOUR

INCEPTION OF THE CROSS

AFTER THE Fall
of Lucifer
Michael
who battled well
healed clean
by Gabrael
leans
in the highest sphere
heavily
on his spear.

All
as before:
Dominion
Throne
touching pinion
tip to tip,
zone
infinity.
But radiant choristers
and windy thurifers
groan
and roar
before
Trinity,

out from whose midst drums
the sound of the Name
on whose breath
from an egg of flame
one comes
far
piercing the deep dark
whence fell
the Day-Star
the black that gapes
close at the Son's place
spattered with grapes
Satan's space.
Heaven weeps.
The ellipse
of Hell is full

of cool tears
till
the Ineffable
cries,
"Open your eyes.
See
wailing ones
he
is beautiful;
he is an archangel
the cross, skull-shod,
Death is the cross of winged moons
where hangs God."

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT

LUC

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS

LE DON

THE SUN vibrated upon the vines, clement king, and the red villages scintillated. O honey. Then came to bathe in the lava of the stream. Pyx of azure and of gold, for a god, shining and young, sound of flute and the treacherous welcome of the shadow. The sweet torture of this flame, when one can not be consumed by it and when everything is akindle with oneself . . . Day too pure.

Luc remarked these things. His thoughts, flying away, made a little dust. It is at this moment that he realized in himself the entrance of grace. His heart hesitated a moment. In spite of himself a fruitful fullness spread through him, like water hurled from a floodgate. He no longer felt himself with precise boundaries.

Then Luc was hungry. Hungry, physically hungry. Hungry in all his five senses. And miracle! this hunger was marvellously calm and marvellously surfeited. A slight drunkenness, tender light, burned within him. His body became clearer. An emanation of soul: one would say wings.

People passed, who entered a little church. Luc understood that they came there for another hunger. Then, he had hunger anew, a hunger more profound, a hunger desperate, and which almost made him shed tears. Not that he felt himself less happy. He suffered as from a lack—as if having seen that, he had found himself diminished. He entered.

LUC TO THE DEMONS

Ah! I see you, demons. This is no longer the earth, this is not heaven . . . is it hell? For purgatory, really, can I believe in it?

Would it be from gratuitous joy that your little looks gleam, demons? Or should I look for some malice there? Demons, dear demons, my friends the demons (but are you really demons?) tell me, what do these looks mean? I put myself in your school, demons, a charming school in truth, and since I have pretended to reduce God to formulas, show me at least the mistake, for you alone, can know it.

They laugh, they do not hear me. Ah! you are allowed to laugh. What is it if a man is tempted, who knows himself tempted—even if he sins? Demons, unfortunate demons. Can you do without God? (*he laughs*) No more than I. (*He laughs always*), and that is why you are assembled here this evening. You are reduced to a very little thing, demons . . . . .
a mistake in a problem!

You jostle each other with your elbows, I see well, and also you laugh. Am I mistaken? (*He takes his head in his hands. He seeks*) Would it be the contrary then? Would it be when a man is tempted and knows that he is lost. Temptation or sin, which damns? Would there be absolute temptation only in God? (*He makes a gesture of doubt and despair.*)

Your silence teaches me more about it than I should learn from it myself I thought I was between two postulates of my soul, and here they give the choice between Satan and God. But does one not always choose between Satan and God? I am seated near my lamp, and my gestures are tranquil—I think; they are my gestures however which project behind me those tumultuous figures. In every man are there not consecrated regions and cursed regions. (*His voice chokes, his utterance is stifled and hurried*) One never chooses except within himself, one never chooses anything but himself, one never chooses . . . . .

He throws himself on the ground and weeps.

So slyly the slope of our thoughts is hastened and enlarged. O God, O Satan, will you pardon my sacriligious tranquillity? Before me your image: I pretended however to do without you.

You were no longer only a décor. What do I say? The mediocre orderers of a mediocre décor. And here there is no longer a décor. There is nothing but you left, my God, there is nothing but you—and Satan. Satan, alas, is not, as one imagines, your reflection.

THE WHARF

But I am in the midst of you, angels and demons of mediation, (*for the angels also watch*) this beautiful day, and upon the wharf there are groups of men who play with the sun and with the shadow. It would be so simple to love you, men, and see: my heart is already full of this love; but I know that it is impossible and that one can love only oneself. One self, God—and who else? This we should never know perhaps. All love leads to love of oneself, or in part and leads back to it—and love of oneself, where does it lead? To Satan, to God and to whom else? This should put an end to the vain ideology in which you delight, little men, which pretentiously you create each day, and forget the Creator.

Am I indifferent to you? I wish it. But however my uncertain manner and these questions always without answer surprise you. "Who is then the one who advances toward the sea and before whom the sea recedes? It is so easy (*is it not*) to go upon the sea without danger: We have excellent boats, etc." Have you never seen careless souls walking upon the sea? Faith is needed but we do without it.

You surround me. You urge me to satisfy your question. I do not know, I do not know: I would be like a child—to know still less, especially not to know that I do not know. I astonish you, you say. As a matter of fact the wisdom of children is astonishing. You do not understand that one can walk, thus, without an aim, or with an aim which continually recedes (*you murmur that it is the same thing*) And perhaps, I would have to make only a gesture for the sea to stop, submissive beast, curving its snowy back. A gesture! You understand, a gesture . . . . .

I am like a false prophet who eternally delays the miracle which crowns him king.

ANDRÉ DESSON

IN THIS AGE OF HARD TRYING, NONCHALANCE IS PREJUDICED

WHAT T. S. ELIOT wrote is found true: one rereads the poems of Marianne Moore many times "always with exactly the same pleasure and satisfaction in something quite definite and solid." If one is an esthete and an analyst of literary pleasures, that almost ends matters: one simply goes on to the not easy business of explaining how Miss Moore gets her effects. The trouble is, the esthete finds it impossible to grade his pleasures beyond a certain point. After all, a number of literary artists are highly skilled and dexterous in the use of their medium. A number of them have—of one type or another—refined sensibilities, interesting and beguiling temperaments, sharp novel intelligences, and each of them grants a special satisfaction to the attentive reader. But how evaluate these various satisfactions? They are all alike in that they satisfy one in some given direction, but the directions are all different, and the esthete, it is perceived, must base his literary opinions in the final analysis upon his personal antipathies and preferences.

Yet there is such a thing as major poetry and such a thing as minor poetry, and it is indisputable that Marianne Moore is not a major poet but certainly an amazing minor poet. To say that is to abandon the esthete's position—without, let us pray, giving up esthetic perceptiveness. For the esthete there can be only good, indifferent and bad poetry. But for one who believes that poetry is not only a glamorous phase of life, but a vital function of life cooperating with other functions and occupying a definite place in the whole round of man's activity, there is a hierarchy of values to which all good poetry is subject and by which some poems are esteemed great and others are thought to be of minor excellence.

What is the distinction between major and minor? It appears to me that there exists none in detail or craftsmanship but that it is to be discovered in the pattern in which details are set and the purpose for which craft is employed. There is a difference in scope. The effort of the major poet is to be comprehensive *and* precise, whereas the minor poet values precision alone. There is a difference in purpose. The great poet's aim is to see totalities, to treat his experience, to treat life, as a whole. The minor poet is content with fragments of his experience, even with the isolated preception.

Hence, the achievement of the minor poet is style and design. The achievement of the great poet is Form—the microcosmic

organism that has style, design, precision and all the other merits of minor poetry manifesting as *characteristics* of an essence that animates them.

Hence again, under poetry is idiosyncratic behavior and major poetry is the complete presentation of states of being.

It is the "fractional magnificence" of Miss Moore's poetry, so perfect and so narrow, that has persuaded me to enter this discussion of major and minor, and to get out of it and back to the special pleasure Miss Moore gives, it is needful to state those limitations that make her so deliberately minor.

There is first the bland assumption that she, as she is, is a competent observer of facts, proprieties, life and the tissues of destiny. No doubt occurs to her that while she is an instrument of observation, she may still be an imperfect instrument, distorting what it sees by failing to relate it to a true pattern—detached but not impartial. The name for the mood that encompasses this anti-Socratic assumption—precisely the same anti-Socratic assumption upon which the majority of modern scientists has proceeded—is complacency.

To be complacent is to disregard as unimportant the fact that one is conditioned—by one's private likings and dislikings, by one's motives, by the latent context of one's mind. The scientist is naive in that while he actually does nothing to improve his psychological equipment to observe, he pretends to impersonality and objectivity. The poet is naive in that he admits —when he seems them—his conditions, but then enthusiastically places a high valuation upon them. Consequently, Miss Moore is able to inform you that "to be liked by you would be a calamity" and the object of dislike is dismissed, not examined and clarified. The statement of one's dislikes and likes has no other value than that of giving a self-portrait. Of what? Of one of the cells of this vast body of mankind passing now so many ages across the crust of this little planet.

Furthermore, I suspect that the motive which forces upon Miss Moore an esoteric style, that restricts her choice of materials, and makes her cling to Victorian proprieties in attitude, is by no means purely esthetic. It may be something much less rational, something indeed that looks like self-protectiveness. As she says:

> The staff, the bag, the feigned inconsequence
> of manner, best bespeak that weapon, self protectiveness.

Behind the elaborate inconsequence of her stylistic behavior, the swiftness of her mental movements, so swift that connectives are dropped out, the complexity of her reconnoitres, the bewildering patches of her learning, there peers at moments simplicity, humble and timid, immature and shy, disliking sophisti-

cation and "complexity moreover, that has been committed to darkness, instead of granting itself to be the pestilence that it is." But to reach the elements that compose this simplicity, through what labyrinths one must work, what traps for the inattentive one must evade!

Her method of forming her poetic conceptions is equally interesting as a delimitation. On one side there is "the raw material of poetry in all its rawness"—which in Miss Moore's case means records: belles lettres by other writers, government reports, magazines, bits of conversation, pictures, curios of one sort or another:

> the bat
> holding on upside down or in quest of something to
> eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless
> wolf under
> a tree, the immovable critic twitching his skin like a horse
> that feels a flea, the base-
> ball fan, the statistician—
> nor is it valid
> to discriminate against "business documents and
> school-books"; all these phenomena are important.

These things excite Miss Moore. On the other side, there is poetry conceived as

> Not brittle but
> Intense—the spectrum, that
> Spectacular and nimble animal the fish,
> Whose scales turn aside the sun's sword with their polish.

Miss Moore's life is spent in taking leaps from one to the other, from the record to the poem. She is indeed a "literalist of the imagination" setting "real toads" (her facts) into "imaginary gardens" (her poems).

A great poet, however, with his own robust magnitudinous experience so close before him, could not be content with records as his sources of subject-matter nor could he make a strictly esthetic effect his entire aim and end. Of Miss Moore, on the other hand, it can be said by altering one of the quotations in one of her poems that excitement provides the occasion and self-protectiveness determines the form. A further distinction to be noted is that Miss Moore is a person of learning but not, as has been claimed, a scholar, for scholarship is synthetic and approaches wholeness.

But leaving these considerations as classifying Miss Moore but not describing her work for what it is, one is then free to pay homage to her consummate quality within her sphere. It is singularly hard to criticise that. Clearly some measure of her excellence depends upon her cleanliness with words, the

thorough way in which she may be said to disinfect and purify them so that once more they stand out fresh and angular. Another modern poet, William Carlos Williams, in the *Dial* for May, 1925, gives a good description of this faculty.

"Miss Moore gets great pleasure from wiping soiled words or cutting them clean out, removing the aureoles that have been pasted about them or taking them bodily from greasy contexts. For the compositions which Miss Moore intends, each word should first stand crystal clear with no attachments; not even an aroma. . . .

"With Miss Moore a word is a word most when it is separated out by science, treated with acid to remove the smudges, washed, dried, and placed right side up on a clean surface. Now one may say that this is a word. Now it may be used, and how?

"It may be used not to smear it again with thinking (the attachments of thought) but in such a way that it will remain scrupulously itself, clean, perfect, unnicked beside other words in parade. There must be edges."

One is glad that Miss Moore does this, for we have been too long tricked by the "suggestiveness" of poetry, which after all should be of firmer stuff than a dream. Her careful use of words blends imperceptibly into *her* rhythm—a peculiar and new rhythm about which I agree with T. S. Eliot: it is her most important contribution. As far as *vers libre* is concerned, she has "gone the whole hog including the postage," to use the translation of a Russian colloquialism. That is, she gets along with an utter minimum of rhymes, of assonance, alliteration, master beats and other versifying devices. She goes out where the waves are choppiest and the currents cross most dangerously and sharks are said to be mouthing, and she swims superbly and safely. Trusting solely to her own gift of metrical invention, she takes all the dangers and emerges in calm triumph.

Her line runs long and free, or turns brief and swift, as she wills it. Her strophes breathe quietly and enunciate well: they uncoil with smooth friction out of each other, undulate as the way of apprehending the subject undulates, and rise with finality or settle in tranquility at the conclusion. They are "strict and stately", yet they are limber too like "essences of conversations".

Williams again has said the essential thing about her rhythm. "It does not interfere with her progress; it is the movement of the animal, it does not put itself first and ask the other to follow."

This "movement of the animal" is literally delightful. So likewise are the bits of freightage carried so nimbly by her strophes. To illustrate:

There is the lapidic aphorism worthy, had it been carved then, of being preserved from antiquity. In view of earlier re-

marks, I must add that Miss Moore's occasional violations of the quoted saying demonstrate that it is even more difficult to observe it than it is to chisel it.

Distaste which takes no credit to itself is best.

There is wit, unexpected and debonair. Mark also in the following quotation how buoyantly Miss Moore's poetry floats the Latin-derived verbiage.

To popularize the mule, its neat exterior
expressing the principle of accommodation reduced to a minimum.

There is the selection of the "beautiful fact" and uncontaminated precision in recording it.

Black butterflies with blue half circles on their wings.

And there is, best of all, the pure poetic dance.

When the wind is from the east,
the smell is of apples, of hay; the aroma increased and decreased
as the wind changes;
of rope, of mountain leaves for florists.

In all these felicities one takes delight.

A postscript is called for, since Miss Moore appears in other literary roles than that of poet. She is a critic and lately she has become an editor. In both capacities, unfortunately, she is much less consequential than as a poet.

The critic must be ambitious and Miss Moore is not. She attempts to make no more than a sensitive impressionistic sketch of her reading, a sketch that is always liberally studded with quotations from the author under review, and carries a valuable sentence or two of acute technical understanding for good measure. The quotations are ably selected for the object she has in mind, which is to give the "flavor" of the author. But, after all, the "flavor" is *in* the book and each reader of it may garner his own impressions. The critic must do more than that. At any rate, he should not be backward about handling ideas.

Marianne Moore, the critic, is still preferable to Miss Moore, the acting editor of the *Dial*. What shall I say about that role? Let us say nothing, but rather ponder on the qualifications of a first order editor, who is so much rarer than a good poet.

The first order editor must of course be expert in his own special technic: that of assembling his contributions into an organism that is reborn at stated intervals. He must include in himself a critic capable of discerning a variety of values. He must have elevated standards and a broad outlook. He must be instigator as well as judge. His magazine must reflect a directing mind, yet not be warped by his own limitations. His, in fact must be that impartial free intelligence that so seldom appears.

SPRING PSYCHOSIS

SIREN SCREECH—conceived in space a point given inward outward rotation—whistles—types febrile diagonals plus ambiguous luminosity—whistles—left right, right left, ensnares intersecting convoluted circles, propels incidental enchanted ellipses—whistles—whistles—thrusts ever hungry edges to the moon—narrower wider, wider narrower—one to three rectilinears to this—whistles—youth destitute of papes, flames from flower fested puberty enchained by manifest doubts in milky adolescence, farewell youth—ave atque vale—youth

Speed—Cinema extra—Ordinaire—whirring entrails snap slide backwards, buzzing genitals, incidental short circuits—Speed—Speed—minus burnt celluloid click click—minus barber chair dentist fussing brittle teeth

Smoke into the metallic mauve metropolis—New York—quit ta rève—New—York—by and for steam whistling, mill churning, trip hammering, rivet retching, piston plying, bell sounding, electric lightening—blue, red, green, red, blue, green,—Yellow—X—raying, water flushing, radio sparking, areoplaning grey hesistancies in continuous repeditive leap frog through revolving brass glass doors to rainbow smooth planes—not to taste purple retrospective ashes—with thumb and index press button to switch out, on, out—city collapses, an English aluminum picnic cup, But walls a gas grated mechanical piano room scents a subway elevated street car odor—insistent telephone, eye reflected from an eye—Oeil poisson mort—in a mirror—feel furtive coins, insistent telephone, go again

Leap into hat and cane—paint an ivory watch chain on this Ego's chest, go once again shadow somersaulting awkward automaton—play blind man's buff with fluttering taxicabs, hear a crass mucker telescoped in a motor horn shout—"Where's yuh pants?"—fix shell rims to ogle roller skating straw virgins moving upper lips in petulant rabbit munches —Waltz—waltz down the avenue—let psychoanalytical sychophants search the sun for scars—waltz on to tea—leave green waistcoated messenger boys with tulips bound in their hair riding gold velocipides through an arch for tea talk tosh—

Mary Garden is Monna Vanna or Salomé, darling Garden —Polly have a cracker—is divine, sugar two lemon, drunken Carmen—Nirvana—Cracker Polly—pull them out with fire tongs

Night swims in through the window myriads of thunder tossed blue balloons—click—whirr—Ha.

EDWARD NAGLE

NEW ORLEANS SPRING 1925

MATHEMATICS of you
Projected from a street piano
laugh mouth sea hair
Yet what Ho when
corpses in crinolines
corpses in furbelows
Green laughter in moon dust chokes
continuous minuet
And Hells Bells when
night jasimine swirls from purple flesh
C'mon, C'mon in Mister, two dollahs
Always placid yellow child in rose pinafore always
in green night
God may compute the institutional smells
of hotels
But who a cat in pursuit of
a blue jay on a crimson shadowed emerald lawn
pestilence of flower trees
White magnolia, hibiscus, night jasimine,
chameleons scuttle up through moss hairy live oaks
Camelia, pomegranate, poincetta, mimosa,
bourganelia, twisted coral vine
How do you know
New England
Death might not be
the tranquility of a southern Sunday afternoon
lost in a park
Aeroplane
sizzling overhead in static flight from bulging shower
black clouds

far from the cathedral timelessly waiting
far from your blue eyes Mary
Mary mother of God
Mary mother of men
where a child with a red balloon attached to a chattering
negress in a pink satin dress
sways and blurs into an avenue of palms flattened on a yellow velvet lake that orange beaker white swans weave patterns of snow light until wet strips of banna plant leaves hush night
Until the rainsoaked flesh on your bones rot
Liquor winds the clown and being born and being born
American one may say the sneer of an alligator while night jasimine chokes purple flesh in a bed of writhing cactus is to the mathematics of you projected from a Street piano
out of New England as when the flesh rots
upon your bones while it hails as when
I am neatly folded away in my grave
the sea will worm the sand always while it snows
please omit flowers
As when the flesh on your bones rot the sea will
laugh mouth
Yes

EDWARD NAGLE

THE MEASURE OF OURSELVES

LITTLE AS I am appeased by fever, I find myself more at ease in that state than in one of habitual clarity.

But no: it is only that which I lose and its valuation which interests me in the state of fever.

Fever, I should say rather, has a certain curiosity for me. I do not confuse sickness and anxiety here; simply that which deforms (all morbidity) and the anguish it reveals.

I have prayed fever to take me, I have prayed also that it spare me. It was not at all in the attitude of vain faltering or unrealized expectation. Have I not, year after year, permitted those decorations to imprint themselves upon my soul, and was it not always some crime, some voyage, some victory?

I shall not seek to appear stronger than I am. For I know well, and man has never been really strong. Shall I make myself weaker than I am? It would need too great patience. How malleable I have felt myself, at certain moments, between my two hands. And a suppleness that did not arouse any fear in me at all. I should have preferred myself harder, and my permeability to other things less subtle.

The play of imponderables. A smile causes a great hate to be born, as a word incites a crime. No matter what the effort, I can never seize exactly the moment which determines a sentiment. Or perhaps that is because it is so slight and so dependent upon the sacrifice (more or less complete) that one makes of oneself to the world.

And for that matter can we choose from the gamut of possible emotions (a man encountered). I oscillate a whole friendship between love and hatred. Not that I amuse myself by clever artifices, but by the most natural currents of our passions . . . One may love without esteem and this love is colored by the scorn that kills. If love assumes more and more esteem, it is not long before some jealousy still more certainly diverts it into hatred.

(If you take Dostoyeffski for instance, I feel that for me Svidrigailof is far more human than Sonia, his exasperating daughter.)

At the whim of fevers. Must there not be some unexpected vision for these rhythms which one would have preferred masked? And yet: I see nothing arbitrary or preciose in that. Shall I admit having no fear of apparitions at night? I am terror-stricken by no curiosity, little as its gratuitousness leaves unsatisfied, and of this most beautiful gem which I should rather lose at the bottom of the sea than have my life determined by.

II

—"Is it really a new faith," asked Tertullian, "that we need?"

ARIEL—It is so easy to have a new faith.
I may have faith in yesterday
(in the night I pass tomorrow).
And nothing limits my faith which I create in my own measure.
I may have new faiths for every moment that I live.

TERTULLIAN—I have seen certain illuminations and renounced them.

ARIEL—In itself renunciation is measureless, since there is no resonance in us.
(Febrile resonance and the veins we tear from a leaf. What does renunciation mean?)

TERTULLIAN—Your whiteness is a joy to me, Ariel.
Do you not also feel, (so young) your desire to recreate a God?

ARIEL—A God? I don't understand.

TERTULLIAN—Tortured.
We lack the exact values which would serve us as points of departure.
We lack a point of departure.
What inclination shall we choose? And the curve that we trace is twisted into a hyperbola.

ARIEL—I re-create God for myself perpetually.

TERTULLIAN—What were you just saying to me?
Give me your secret and let your peace be mine.

ARIEL—(shrugging his shoulders) You will never understand.

*

TERTULLIAN—Ariel . . .

ARIEL— (sings)
Ariel sings:
At the lines of departure
is there a fitting enough pardon?

To extract God (and my anticipation)
Only our dead at the marge of the tunnels
Shall deliver the day.

The needle that kills us
Gives up none of its grace:
Suspended azure,
Our butterflies, who wisely crumble.

Is there enough pardon for me
In extracting God of my anticipations.

TERTULLIAN—Ariel . . .

*

ARIEL—1, 2, 3 . . . If I counted to one thousand to do penitence?

TERTULLIAN—Our limits are onerous to those who can feel them. And not the artificial limits, our collars, but all those that prick the body, the play of our flesh, our souls.

Ariel, to cultivate our refinements, and our routine lives, is not to go beyond the limits, but the contrary; for, if our poten-

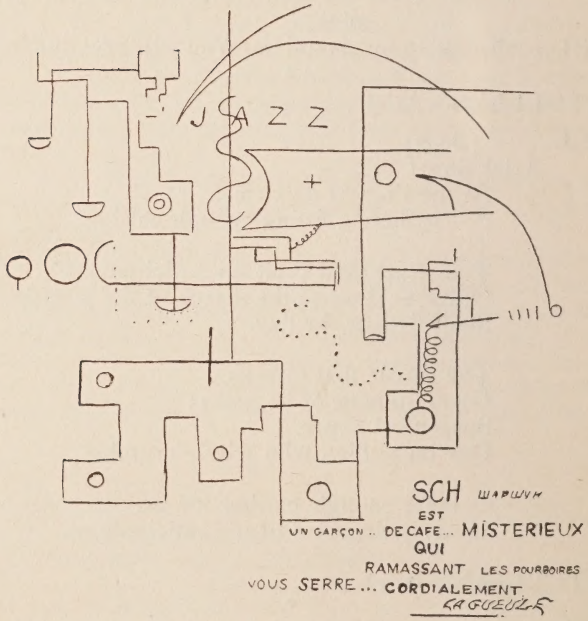
tialities (the fair promises) are developed, it must needs shock the extreme recesses of our natures. Shock them and greet them. Profoundly: ultimately to submit.

ARIEL—What you say to me, Tertullian, appeals to my heart.

TERTULLIAN—To your heart only?

(*Translated by Matthew Josephson*)

ANDRÉ HARLAIRE



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